

Are Hollywood Marriages Just Love Episodes?

Silver Screen

May

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ONTEST

WHAT DOES JOAN CRAWFORD WEIGH?



THE REIGNING BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN!

MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps young men away!



Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



Adentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And

when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

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TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN for MAY 1934



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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"You're Telling Me?"

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.



The Screen Is a Mirror In Which You See the Image of Your Favorite Self.

Lanny Ross, radio singer, and the new Ann Sothorn pose for a still in "Melody in Spring."

First Prize

WINIFRED LUZMOOR of Lafayette, Colo., writes: "Three of the most charming actors of today are Englishmen—Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard. American males lack those finer qualities that register with women as 'perfect gentleman.' I adore all American heroes, but why can't they have some of this English charm and polish? Or is this 'English trait' born and not made?"

Isn't it their manner of speech?

Second Prize

"**MISLEADING** advertising, which has for its only purpose the task of 'pulling them in' to the movie theatre, has lost more friends for the movies than any other one thing" writes **B. Alice Burland** of San Diego, Calif. "Often when the patron leaves the theatre with that gypped and disgusted feeling, it is not proof that the play was unworthy or poor. It very often means that the play was not suited to his taste or mood. He had been led to expect something different. If the theme and character of the plays were more truthfully advertised, patrons could then make a better selection."

Barnum said different.

Third Prize

"**WILL** somebody put a stop to these 1900 costume pictures?" begs **Peggy Castle** of Tampa, Fla. "Bustles, wasp waists and pompadours we can swallow once, but gee gosh, picture after picture is too much. And above all else, if we must have them, leave them to the Mae West hippy types. Please, oh please, not our suave, sophisticated Kay Francis, who is the very personification of modern beauty. Give her to us as the smooth, sleek, beautiful modern that she is. And, mister, I'm not alone in this opinion."

A cycle lies a-dying.

"**PLEASE** give us correct pronunciation," writes **Mary Manning** of Dorchester, Mass. "We demand the final G's in words like 'talking' and 'going.' And verbs that syn-

chronize with subjects as 'It doesn't agree' instead of 'It don't agree.' Furthermore, and herein lies the greatest number of errors, we crave the proper pronouns such as 'It is not he; it is not I,' instead of 'It is not him; it's only me.'"

Should Stepin Fetchit in "Carolina" really have spoken grammatically? As a matter of fact, we resent cultured speech in one having no culture.

"**I PROPOSE**, at the end of the show, to repeat upon the screen the part of the film showing the cast of players," writes **Helene H. Anderson**, of Columbia, S. C. "Unless one is an enthusiastic fan, or especially devoted to certain actors, he is likely to read all but one or two of the names too casually to fix them in his mind, before the show. Often the really excellent acting of someone who is not a star attracts attention, and on the way out of the theatre he asks, 'Did you notice who played the part of that old man?' And each one says, 'No, good, wasn't he? Don't know that I ever saw him before.'"

Buy a fan magazine. (adv.)

LUCYBELLE LORTZ of Louisville, Ky., writes: "An evening spent in the front row of any neighborhood theatre, listening to the comments of children upon the pictures, especially Westerns, is enough to convince one that the youngsters of our land are not acquiring high ideals. Blood-thirsty little growls of 'Kill him! Why don't you kill him?' indicate that we may expect more crime than ever when these children grow up."

Don't be silly. Little fellows have no conception of death—nor big fellows either. Did you see Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday?"

"**DO** some of the stars think they are fooling us when they pretend to sing on the screen?" asks **Emilie Vaughan**. "We hear a beautiful Italian 'T,' but the close-up on the screen does not show the star making that beautiful Italian 'T' with the tip of the tongue, which is the only way

possible. We hear a perfect vowel 'a' being sung, but the 'a' could never have that particular color if sung with that silly puckered-up expression on the lips."

It's called "dubbing in" and they're pretty darn clever at it, the dubbers.

"**WHAT** a relief is the news that nudism is to be presented on the screen in an intelligent and serious manner!" writes **Mabel Kramer** of Louisville, Ky. "While we, ourselves, may be on the fence regarding this new cult, still we are open-minded enough not to resent its presentation to us in a healthy way."

Not while Will Hays has his health.

"**I WONDER** why some producer does not make a picture around the theme of a young couple getting married and existing on a mere thirteen dollars a week. This often forces the wife to work, too. Such a couple cannot afford a maid or housekeeper. It would be interesting to see something different like this," writes **Elizabeth Whitley** of Lowell, Mass.

You will like "Little Man, What Now?" which Margaret Sullavan is making.

"**PERHAPS** I have a twisted taste or something, but I almost always find the trailer far more thrilling than the picture itself," writes **Mrs. J. Bordo** of Toledo, Ohio. "If there were films half as exciting as the trailers, what enjoyable entertainment we fans would have!"

The lass that loved a trailer.

HAROLD V. STARK of Clarks Summit, Pa., writes "A controversy has arisen among my friends as to the ranking of some of the screen stars. We have four in question, namely, Kay Francis versus Irene Dunne and Edward G. Robinson vs. Paul Muni. Can you aid us in selecting the most valuable or the highest ranking of these stars?"

We (and the box office) prefer Kay Francis and Paul Muni, but like your others, too.



A discovery of dramatic promise skin awakens, stirs with renewed life

That's why women are thrilled about this new face cream that does such remarkable things

IT was not a beauty expert but a scientist who watched youth fade from women's skins and sought a way to check it.

"It may not work," he said, "but I'll put into a face cream the youthful substance old skins lack . . . and then we'll see what happens."

That's what he did. And today two million women can tell you how skins grow clearer, softer, stir again with renewed life. How age lines and fine wrinkles melt away—and old dry skin undergoes a change in texture.

Sebisol—a new substance

This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching substance that makes young skin firm, fresh, alluring. He named it

sebisol and put it into the finest cream he could develop.

Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a natural substance that keeps skin soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitely appealing. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we know by women's statements: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize

why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our expense. We believe you'll be delighted with results. We believe Junis Cream will thrill you as it has two million other women who have tried it. Send the coupon for a generous test supply.

FREE—GENEROUS SUPPLY

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

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The OPENING CHORUS



Elizabeth Bergner

ELIZABETH BERGNER, whose "Catherine the Great" immediately established her in America as one of the finest actresses on the screen, is a Viennese. "Ariane," a foreign made picture in which she stars, is also being exhibited here. Miss Bergner is remarkable for the fact that her face is only beautiful by the marvel of her spiritual expression.

WARREN WILLIAM is worried because he has to shave off his mustache to play Caesar in "Cleopatra." And Jimmy Cagney is worried because he has to keep his silly little mustache to play Flicker in "Without Honor." And Claudette Colbert is worried because she has to gain six pounds before the cameras can start shooting her in "Cleopatra." And Freddie March is worried because he just goes from one costume play to another and is sick of having his hair frizzed into curls every day. So we all have our little worries, dear me, yes.

HAVE you had your Gracie Allen tidbit today? Well, here it is, the very latest. "Gracie, Gracie," moaned George Burns holding his head, "what am I going to do with you? The man asked if you were illiterate and you punched him. Was that nice?"

"I don't let anybody talk about my family like that," said Gracie. "You know, George, I've seen Mama's and Papa's marriage certificate."

MAE CLARKE'S inimitable flair for wisecracking is a constant source of amusement, no matter where she goes. At a theatre party recently, Mae, spying a certain sterling actor famed for his portrayal of Abraham Lincoln for just y'ars and y'ars, piped, "He's played Lincoln so long, poor fellow, he'll die of a broken heart if someone doesn't assassinate him soon."

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD
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ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in
RIP TIDE
 HERBERT MARSHALL
 MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
 AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

CORNS



Quick, Sure Relief!

Here you see the scientific principle on which Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. These soothing, healing, protective pads instantly relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes by removing the cause—nagging shoe pressure on the nerves and irritated tissues. Result—grateful, restful comfort; protection against blisters, sore toes and abrasions; ease in new or tight shoes.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

If you have corns or callouses, they will quickly loosen for easy, safe, painless removal. Separate Medicated Disks are included for that purpose in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. If you cut your corns or callouses, you risk blood-poisoning. If you use caustic liquids or plasters, you don't get at the cause and expose the skin to acid burn. Don't experiment. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be safe and sure. Get a box at your dealer's today.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 102 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

A LOVELY BUST



You can obtain a perfect bust by using THORAXIUM The Amazing Vegetable Flesh Former. Simply rub THORAXIUM into the breasts when retiring at night. THORAXIUM will lift sagging breasts. THORAXIUM will add flesh to any part of the body, the bust, neck, arms, and legs, any part that you need developed.

FREE TREATMENT

Just send 10c for free sample. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Large container \$1.00.

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REVIEWS

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

ARIANE—Charming. (UA) Produced abroad, and featuring Elizabeth Bergner, who made a hit as "Catharine the Great," this romantic modern comedy with music has much to attract you. Percy Marmont plays opposite.

BEDSIDE—Fair. (WB) A Park Avenue bedside manner does much for the career of Warren William, a medical quack. (Jean Muir, Allen Jenkins, David Landau.)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Fine. (Monogram) A financial genius (Lionel Atwill) suddenly becoming physically handicapped, organizes a vast enterprise to help other unfortunates. Unique story, well acted. Betty Furness in cast.

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—Fair. (WB) A saga of the corner drugstore, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with pink and green lozengers. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis and Chas. Farrell play well together.

BOMBAY MAIL—Good. (U) From Calcutta to Bombay is the route taken by this second cousin of the mysterious "Rome Express." The cast is headed by Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Fine. (U) One of those gossamer Viennese comedies with the gay and charming servants masquerading as nobility—and vice versa! Nils Asther, Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi play the leads.

CAROLINA—Excellent. (Fox) That fine southern play, The House of Connolly, provides the theme for this engrossing film starring Janet Gaynor, and having Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crossman and Robert Young in cast.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Charming. (MGM) A tuneful operetta with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro singing and starving together picturesquely. And, just to bring us to earth, Frank Morgan's here, too!

COMING OUT PARTY—Fine. (Fox) After seeing this revealing story of the "debutante racket" maybe you won't envy society debbies any more. (Frances Dee, Gene Raymond.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Excellent. (British Gaumont) A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy's colorful novel of several years ago. Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) in cast.

DAVID HARUM—Enjoyable. (Fox) The classic Yankee novel of this title brought to life by leisurely Will Rogers. It is quietly amusing. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor in support.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Fantastic. (Par) If the grim reaper could always appear to us as a handsome prince at a colorful house party, the hereafter might not loom up so forbiddingly. (Fred. March, Evelyn Venable.)

DEVIL TIGER—Fine. (Fox) Here's a sensational adventure film, authentically set in the jungles of Asia. Splendidly acted by Marion Burns, Kane Richmond, Harry Woods. If you crave real excitement, see this!

ENLIGHTEN THY DAUGHTER—Fair. (Exploitation) In this day and age the theme of this film seems a bit far-fetched—however, you can take it or leave it. It's up to you. (Herbert Rawlinson, Beth Barton.)

GOOD DAME—Fair. (Par) Sylvia Sydney as the nice little chorine who tries to make Freddie March, a big bad wolf of a man, go straight for her sake.

HAROLD TEEN—Just Fair. (WB) This story is woven together from the famous comic strip, and features Hal Le Roy, Rochelle Hudson and Patricia Ellis.

HEAT LIGHTNING—Good. (WB) A tourist camp in the desert is the locale of this exciting melodrama with comedy touches. Fine cast includes Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh.



Margaret Sullavan, who was frightened while travelling in an airliner during a terrible storm, now is content to remain in Hollywood working on "Little Man, What Now."

HI, NELLIE—Fine. (WB) Although we prefer Paul Muni in more serious stories, he does a fine job of his role as the newspaper editor who gets demoted to an advice to the lovelorn column. (Glenda Farrell and Ned Sparks.)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—Good. (RKO) Even rabid anti-Wheeler-Woolseyites may get some laughs out of this goofy farce. Thelma Todd as heart interest.

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Good. (Fox) Rosemary Ames, a new screen personality, comes to you in this Greenwich Village story, featuring John Boles and Victor Jory.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Fair. (U) The familiar cabaret formula, with Gloria Stuart the luscious chorine, Marion Marsh the goody-good girl who wants to be a chorine too, and Roger Pryor the wisecracking salesman.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Delightful. (Col) Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert are so utterly natural and gay in this that you feel like an interloper peeking in at their window. But what a swell time you have!

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Good. (WB) Such reliable fun-makers as Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins keep this melodramatic farce about telephone repairmen pitched at an interesting key.

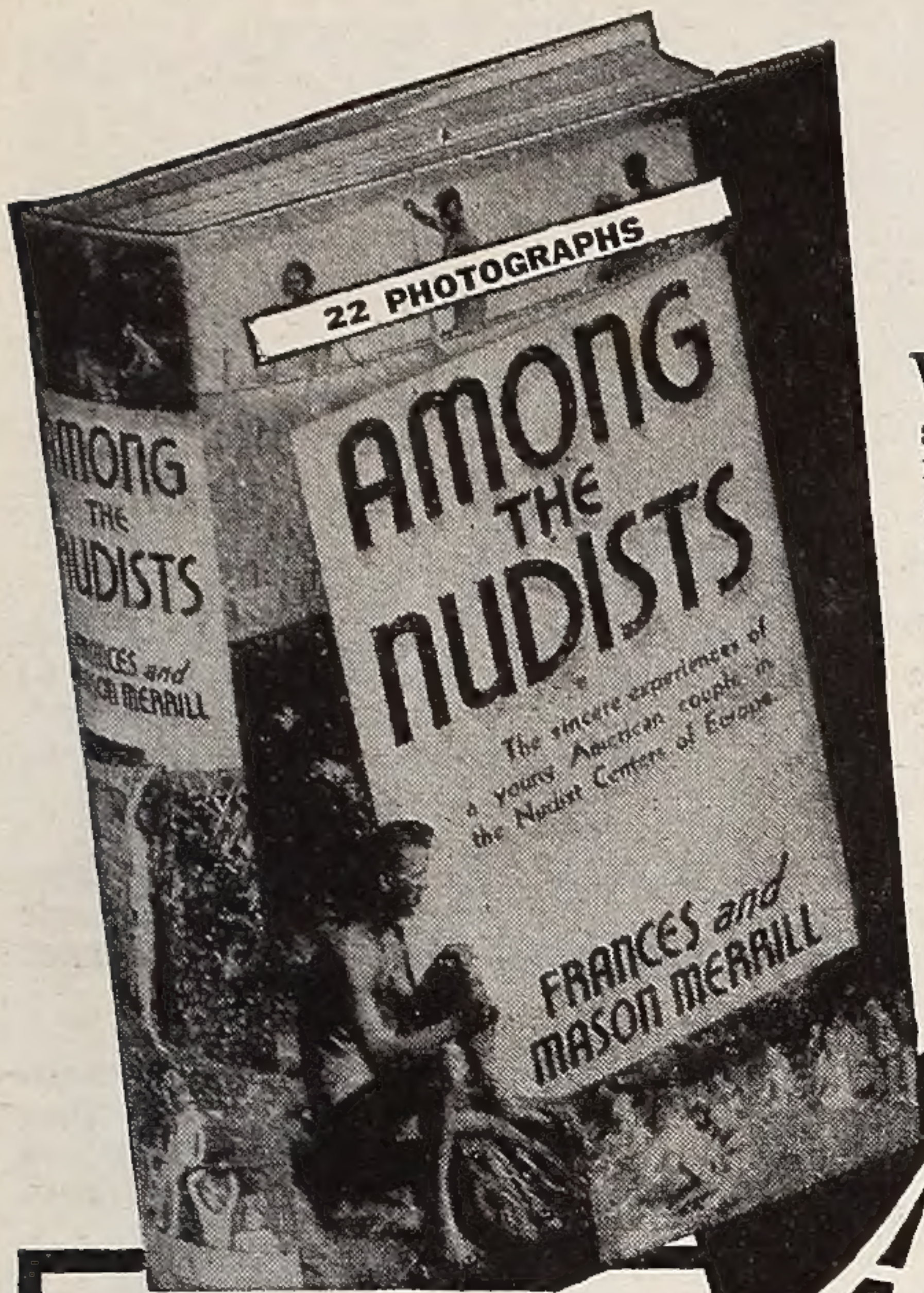
JOE PALOOKA—Amusing. (20th Cent.) A prizefight story that can safely be labeled—virile. It is punchful of laughs and enthusiastically performed by Jimmie Durante, Stu Erwin, Bill Cagney and Lupe Velez.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Good. (Col) A pleasant Hollywood yarn, effectively staged with simple musical interpolations. Splendidly acted by Ann Sothern, Gregory Ratoff, Edmund Lowe, Miriam Jordan.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—Swell. (20th Cent.) Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie are a riot as a pair of telephone wire fixers, and Connie Cummings and Arline Judge make it a foursome you will remember.

[Continued on page 10]

What Really Goes On in a NUDIST COLONY?



"Among the Nudists"—like ALL Star Dollar Books—is full library size, 5 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches, handsomely bound in cloth, beautifully printed from plates of original higher priced edition. A library of best sellers is now within the reach of all. Select from the list below. Send coupon—without money. 5 Days' FREE EXAMINATION of any Star Dollar Book!

WHAT do you really think or KNOW about Nudism? Are you shocked? . . . Or do you simply laugh at the stories circulating about it? . . . Or do you agree that it is high time you knew what is actually behind this sensational movement, which is suddenly sending thousands of men and women into the woods to romp "in the altogether"?

If you think that Nudism is just a matter of hating clothes, you're wrong. If you think it is a stunt indulged in only by exhibitionists—get the true facts!

Now a young man and woman tell the intimate story of how they unexpectedly went to live among the Nudists—of how they "took the plunge"—of the intense embarrassment they endured at first—their strange reactions to living in a world where clothes were taboo—the curiosity of others—their games, dances, interests, and social entertainments—and the strange changes

that took place in their ideas of morality. "Among the Nudists" is an outspoken description of what really goes on behind the fences of the Nudist colonies—told by two people who joined one. And 22 actual photographs, untouched by artist's paint or censor's patch, show you the activities in these out-of-the-way camps.

Here is the true story of why so many thousands of men and women are eager to go around without a stitch on them. Here are the reasons why this "escape" of the more unconventional Germans and French is gaining such an amazing foothold in America today.

Do You Want to SEE this book—FREE?

You do not have to buy "Among the Nudists" to examine it, scan its interesting pages. We will gladly send you this amazing 247-page volume—and any others you may wish from the list of former \$2.50 to \$5.00 best-sellers below—for FREE EXAMINATION, at our risk. If you decide to keep any or all of the books, you are bound to save money—for each of them is now ONLY ONE DOLLAR. ("Among the Nudists," for example, was \$3.50!) But you can decide about that after you actually have the books in your hand. Simply select the volumes you wish to see on 5 Days' Approval—send the coupon without money—and they will be sent to you at once.

IS Nudism merely a revolt against conventions—or is it really the wholesome, natural way to live?

DOES shame vanish when clothing is cast off—or is nakedness a constantly embarrassing reminder?

HOW long a time elapses before a nudist newcomer feels perfectly at home in the camp?

HOW does Nudity affect the thoughts, the body, the emotions?

"AMONG THE NUDISTS" TELLS YOU FRANKLY. And for still more facts about this increasingly prevalent practice—

Also see No. 161 below

... and 60 other Best Sellers (Formerly \$2.50 to \$5.00) Which Do You Want?

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4. GEORGE SAND: The Search for Love—Marie Jenny Howe. Biography of the extraordinary woman who smoked cigars, loved Chopin, lived too soon. Formerly \$5.00
7. A BOOK OF OPERAS—Henry E. Krehbiel. Former price \$2.50
10. UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE—Alfred Adler. Prof. of Psychology, Univ. of Vienna, offers key to our actions, thoughts and sins. Formerly \$2.50
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19. THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY—H. G. Wells. This masterpiece of all time now complete in one volume. New and revised. Includes maps, charts, illustrations, diagrams, etc. 1,200 pages. Unabridged. Former price \$5.00
23. ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY—Prof. S. Newcomb. New edition, completely revised. Formerly \$2.50
24. AMONG THE NUDISTS—Frances and Mason Merrill. Frank answers to questions Nudism has raised. Intimate experiences of young American man and woman who tried it. Tells truth about motives, mixed companions, effects on modesty, health and emotions. 22 unchanged photos. Formerly \$3.50
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Reviews [Continued from page 8]

LONG LOST FATHER—Good. (RKO) An amiable comedy with John Barrymore, as the proprietor of a London night club, meeting his daughter (Helen Chandler) who is a performer, for the first time.

LOST PATROL, THE—Good. (RKO) A slight story, beautifully photographed and acted, concerning a British patrol lost in the desert during the World War. (Reginald Denny, Victor McLaglen, Wallace Ford.)

MEN IN WHITE—Fine. (MGM) Our earnest young doctor has difficulty choosing between love and a career. See which conquers! Beautiful production, with Clark Gable, Eliz. Allen, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt.

MIDNIGHT—Good. (A) A murder mystery that gets as deeply involved as a spider's web, with an excellent cast trying to unravel the plot skeins. (Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie.)

MOULIN ROUGE—Fine. (20th Cent.) A spicy French musical farce with Connie Bennett captivating both Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati. And Russ Columbo plays a part just for good measure.

MYSTERY LINER—Interesting. (Monogram) An ingenious murder-mystery, with a good climax, the exciting action taking place on a passenger ship. (Noah Beery, Astrid Allwyn.)

NANA—Colorful. (UA) Anna Sten has created so much discussion, you won't want to miss this, her first glamorous American film based on Zola's novel, "Nana." (Lionel Atwill, Phillips Holmes.)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Good. (Col) If you're one of those avid mystery readers who say the more murders the merrier, then you'll gloat over this melodramatic film. (Genevieve Tobin, Donald Cook, Hardie Albright.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Fair. (Par) Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen, that rowdy team which made Cock-Eyed World so popular, stage a comeback in a deep-sea diving yarn. Sally Blaine and Minna Gombell in cast.

ORIENT EXPRESS—Good. (Fox) "Shanghai Express" started this cycle. However, the old adage "the last is best of all" does not hold true of this film. Still, it has its moments! (Heather Angel, Ralph Morgan, Norman Foster.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA—Splendid. (MGM) Garbo and Gilbert together again in a magnificent character study of a famous 17th Century Swedish queen. Garbo is breath-takingly lovely.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (UA) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Fine. (Par) Young America, whether sixteen or sixty, will be enthusiastic about this yarn which is as exhilarating as a diploma at graduation. (James Gleason, Buster Crabbe, Toby Wing.)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Good. (Col) Rousing melodrama centered around the love affair of a district attorney and the sister of a big-shot gangster. (Mary Brian, Bruce Cabot.)

SIX OF A KIND—Hilarious farce. (Par) A sure cure for the blues! We just dare you not to laugh when watching these amazing comics perform—W. C. Fields, Mary Boland, Chas. Ruggles, Alison Skipworth and Burns & Allen.

SORRELL AND SON—Fine. (UA) An English-made version of the famous novel done once in silent days. This time our own H. B. Warner has the lead.

SPEED WINGS—Exciting. (Col) A breath-taking movie full of hair-raising incidents that make the kids shriek with glee. Adults with a sense of humor may enjoy it too. (Billy Bakewell, Evelyn Knapp.)

TEXAS TORNADO—Fair. (F. D.) The Texas Rangers ride out on the plains once more. Lane Chandler as the hero, Doris Hill the heart interest.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—Splendid. (MGM) An average day in the life of an average well-to-do American family. Engrossingly told and charmingly acted by Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle, etc.

WALTZES FROM VIENNA—Lovely. (Brit. Gaumont) The enchanting melodies of Johann Strauss and his father are to be heard in this film based on authentic incidents in their lives.

WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?—Just Fair. (Mayfair) Sort of a hodge-podge of the night club-gangster racket, with Noel Francis, Regis Toomey.

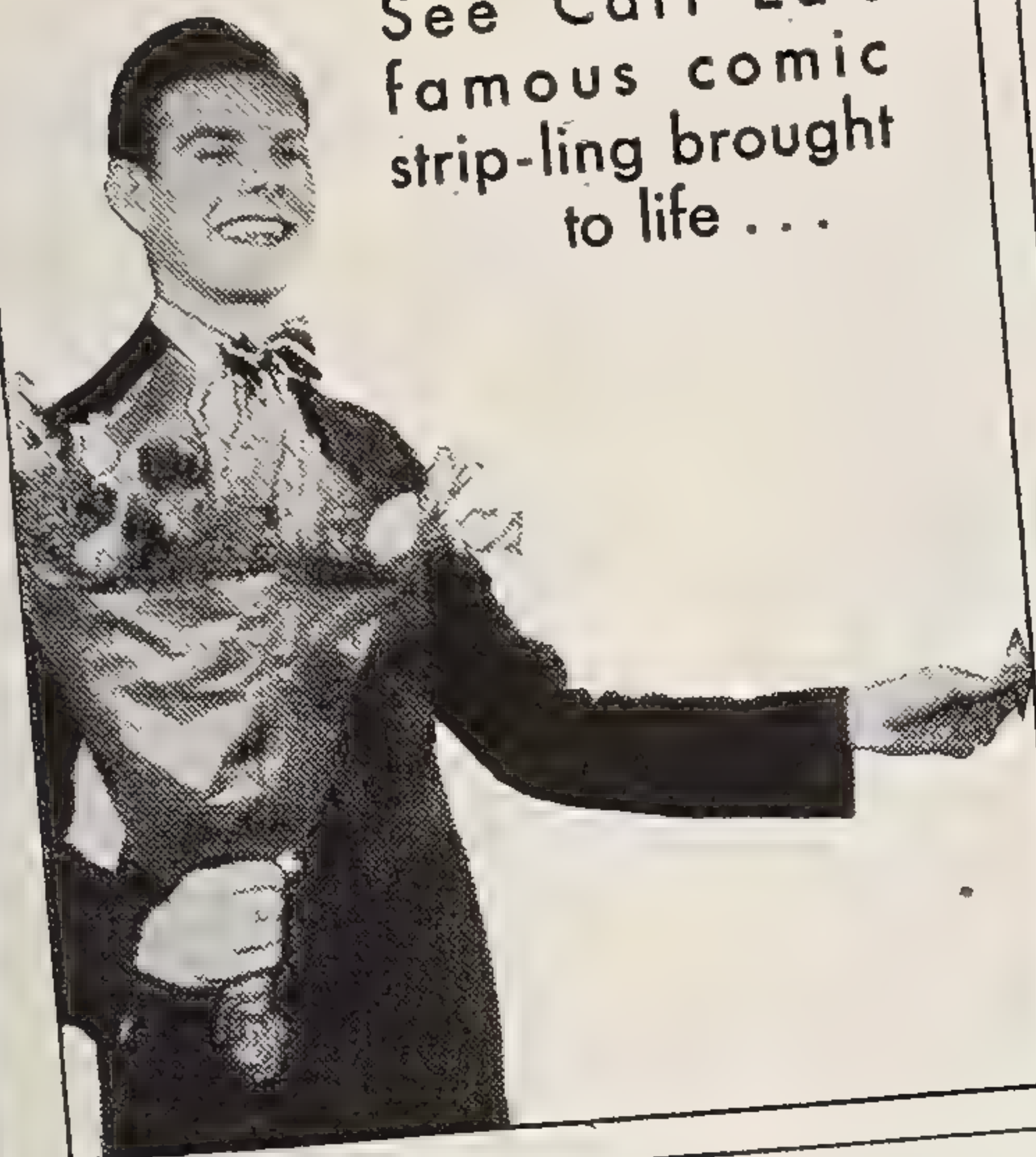
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Fine. (MGM) May Robson creates an eccentric, thoroughly romantic character reminiscent of the famous Hetty Green. Supporting her are Lewis Stone, Jean Parker.



Maurice Chevalier holds in his arms his best bet, Jeanette MacDonald—just a little practice scene before making "The Merry Widow." The question is whether Maurice supports Jeanette or Jeanette supports Maurice.

HAROLD TEEN

He's in the Movies
Now... Thanks to
WARNER BROS.



See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life...

With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold...



And Lillums in the flesh, played by adorable Rochelle Hudson...



With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee)...



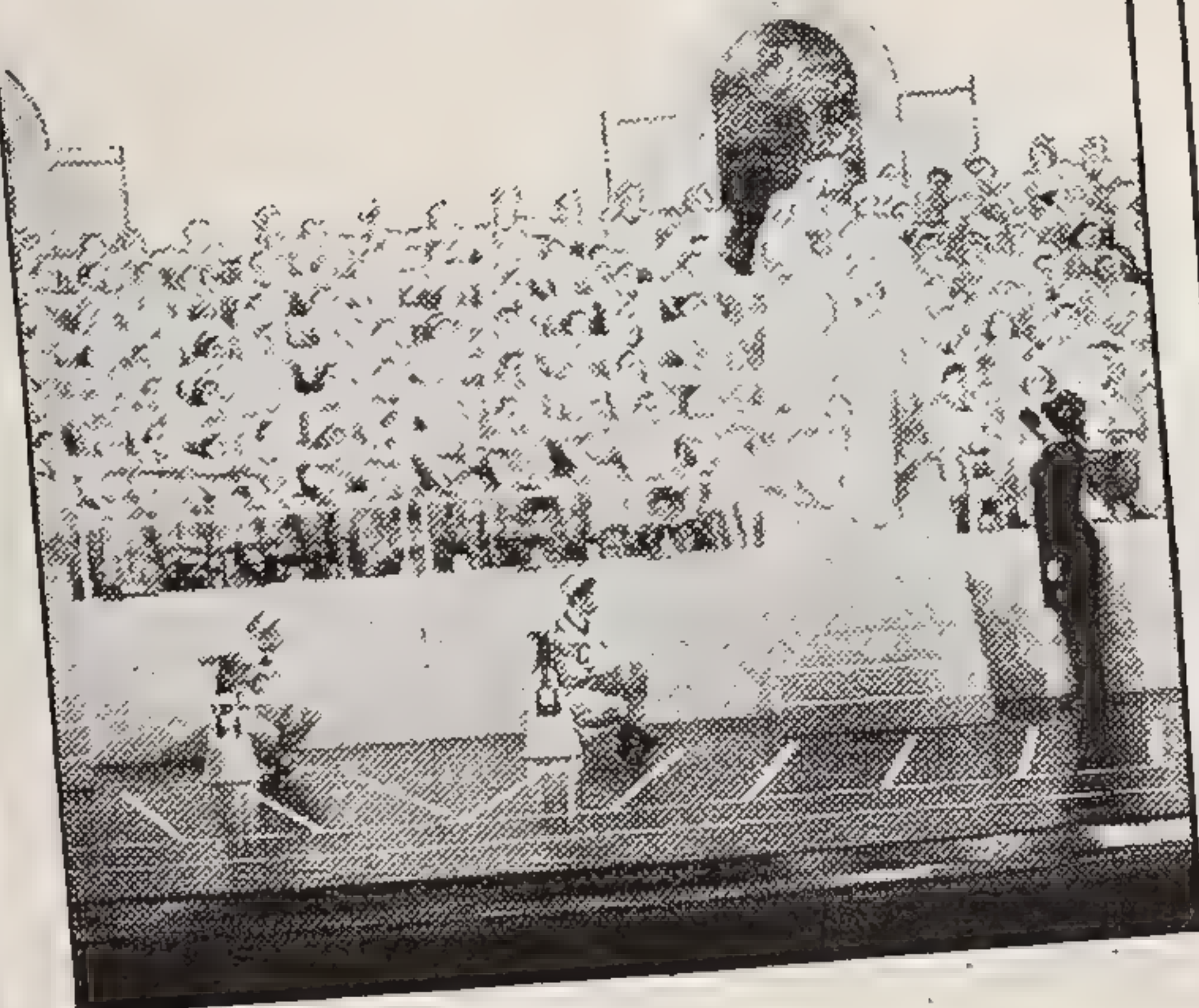
And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!



Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding"...



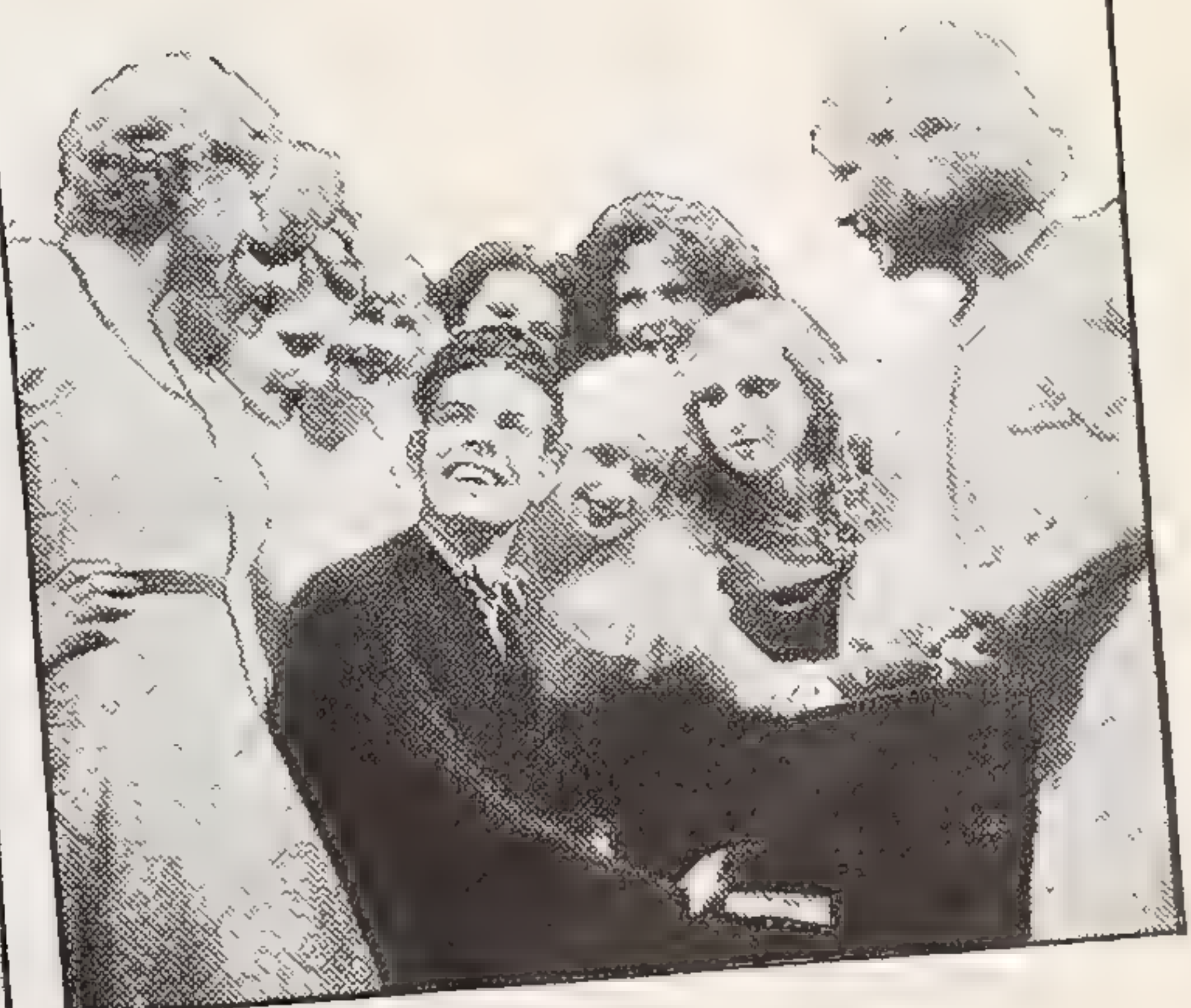
And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.



It has "universal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.



Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!



With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

Can You Estimate JOAN CRAWFORD'S WEIGHT?

You Are Familiar
With Joan's Beauti-
ful Dancing Figure.
Can You Estimate
What She Weighs?

The Correct An-
swer Is Known
Within The Frac-
tion Of An Ounce.

JOAN CRAWFORD con-
sented to pose for SILVER
SCREEN's novel weight
estimating contest, and her
measurements were taken.
They appear on this page.
You should be able to ar-
rive very closely at the cor-
rect total by studying these
measurements.

The exact weight was de-
termined by the official Seal-
er of Weights and Measures.
Mr. Charles M. Fuller, the
Los Angeles County Sealer,
took specially tested scales to
the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios. Joan Crawford was
on the set, where she was
just completing "Sadie Mc-
Kee," her new picture. After
Mr. Fuller had determined
the weight of Joan, as she
appears in the photograph
at the right, her bathing
suit and shoes were turned
over to Mr. Fuller and were
officially weighed by him.
The weight of the suit and
shoes was 1 lb. 4.49 ozs. or
20.49 ozs. The prizes in
SILVER SCREEN's Weight Es-
timating Contest will be
awarded to the persons
sending in the correct or
nearest correct estimates,
accompanied by the best
letters.

MONEY PRIZES

FOR THE

FORTUNATE WINNERS

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	10.00
Fourth Prize	5.00

*Watch for Another Weight
Estimating Contest in
Silver Screen for June.*

WHAT JOAN MEASURES

Head	21½ in.
Neck	13½ "
Bust	37 "
Waist	24½ "
Hips	37½ "
Upper arm	10 "
Lower arm	8½ "
Arm length	18 "
Wrist	6 "
Thigh	21½ "
Calf	12 "
Ankle	7½ "
Glove	6½ "
Shoe	4D
Height	5 ft. 4 in.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name and address and fill in carefully your estimate of Joan Crawford's NET weight.
2. Your estimate must be accompanied with a letter (not more than seventy-five words) saying how you arrived at the total in your estimate.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct or nearest correct estimates, accompanied by the best letters.
4. The winning letters will be selected by the editor, whose decision is final.
5. Neatness and cleverness in the letters will be considered.
6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with Silver Screen, or their families.
7. All estimates must be received in the office of Silver Screen before midnight, May 6, 1934.
8. Address your envelopes to Weight Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Joan Crawford.
What does she
weigh as she stands
there, so slim and
beautiful?

Weight Contest Editor,
Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St.,
New York, N. Y.

(Name)

(Address)

(City & State)

I estimate that Joan Crawford weighs...

I attach my letter telling how I arrived
at this total.

SILVER SCREEN

MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU
LOVED IN
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

in



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COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

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THOUSANDS of blondes—to become actresses, movie stars, secretaries, sweethearts, wives! All men prefer them, but only if their hair is *really* blonde, with that shimmer of gold and that fascinating sparkle. If your hair is faded, muddy, darkening, stringy—don't give up. But don't *dye*, either! Try **BLONDEX**, the special shampoo designed for light hair, now used by millions of blondes all over the world. **BLONDEX** is a fine rich-lathering powder that *naturally* brings new golden color, gleaming lustrousness to the drabdest light hair. Try it and see. Get **BLONDEX** today at any good drug or dept. store. Two sizes — the economical \$1.00 bottle and the inexpensive 25c package. **NEW: Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—35c.**



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☐ Here is \$1. Please send me 2 mos' supply of **KLEERPLEX WASH** or
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c. P. O. charge.
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WRITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARGIN

**MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

Jean Parker will never forget "Little Women," and even combs her hair with the old-fashioned friz. It is the mode in Hollywood.



HITS!

By Mary Lee

WOWS! BANGS!

LOOK at the smart haircut of Constance Cummings . . . so sleek at the neck, fitting close to her head! . . . a man once said to me. "I don't know why my wife always has to keep changing her hair around. Her head is too big and her neck too short to wear a full, fluffy hair-cut like that. It looked nicer before, when it was shingled close . . . neat . . . you know."

Now, who says men don't know anything about women's make-up or hair-cuts? And did I have to break down and admit he was right? It's all very well to satisfy your love of change with a new shade of lipstick or powder, even a new coiffure, providing the change is an improvement, or just as good—but never, never do it just for the sake of change. The movie stars tempt us, I know, because they are always just one step ahead of us, with something new and modish. But did you ever see them change to something unbecoming, unless their part calls for it? So, if you find the one hair-cut, or coiffure, that does the nicest things to your face and the shape of your head, then, by all means, stick to it, regardless of the hairdresser's intriguing ads.

For example, suppose you have always had a yen to part your hair in the middle. Well, go ahead and do it, but see how long you keep it that way, if it makes your face look too broad and fat. Just about as long as you can stand hearing your friends say, "Oh, I like the old way better. It's true, a middle-part makes your face look fuller. Of course, if your face is very thin and angular, this middle-part will add softness and fullness to it. Also, large loose waves, falling softly over your ears, will help. But, suppose you are the girl mentioned before, with the too-round face. Try a high side-part, and then have your hair waved back, quite high, well above your ears. Even allow the tips of your ears to show—and this will give your face a more piquant, pointed look. It will add a touch of sophistication to a face which otherwise might be too round and childish.

A short, rather heavy neck usually accompanies the full round face, and this is a point to keep in mind. You will prob-

ably look much better if you see to it that the necklines of your dresses are low and pointed, rather than high and round. Also "button" ear-rings will be more becoming than long, dangling ones (which only emphasize the shortness of your neck). And necklaces should *not* be choker-length, but should fall well below the throat line. Hats, too, should have turned-up brims, or be turban style, rather than turned down around the face.

But we started to talk about hair—and we really *should* talk about hair, particularly at this time of the year, when spring calls for a general reconditioning. You may not realize it, but during the winter your scalp has quite probably "dried out." There are many reasons for this—wearing hats so much of the time, using hot dryers, and living in overheated rooms. Not only is the scalp parched, but your hair naturally suffers. It becomes dry and brittle . . . lifeless looking. But if you correct the scalp condition, your hair itself will respond and become glossy and sleek again.

And now, here's how to go about it! First of all, make up your mind to stick to this reconditioning, and to put plenty of time into it. Massage your scalp yourself (unless you can afford to go to a hair specialist.) Rub it with your finger tips in a gentle, rotating motion—about five minutes every day. Then brush vigorously with a hair brush that gets right down to the scalp—until your whole head feels stirred up and "tingly." Then, before you shampoo, rub a little oil well into your head, and allow it to remain on over night.

This doesn't sound difficult, does it? The only important thing is to keep at it, consistently, for several weeks. And that is up to you. And now, I can just hear some of you saying, "But my hair is oily all the time—even winter didn't dry it up, though I wish to goodness it had!" However, I haven't forgotten you. I realize there are many such cases, when you just can't seem to improve an excessively oily condition. But there is a remedy—a sure one—though I expect it may sound silly to you at first.

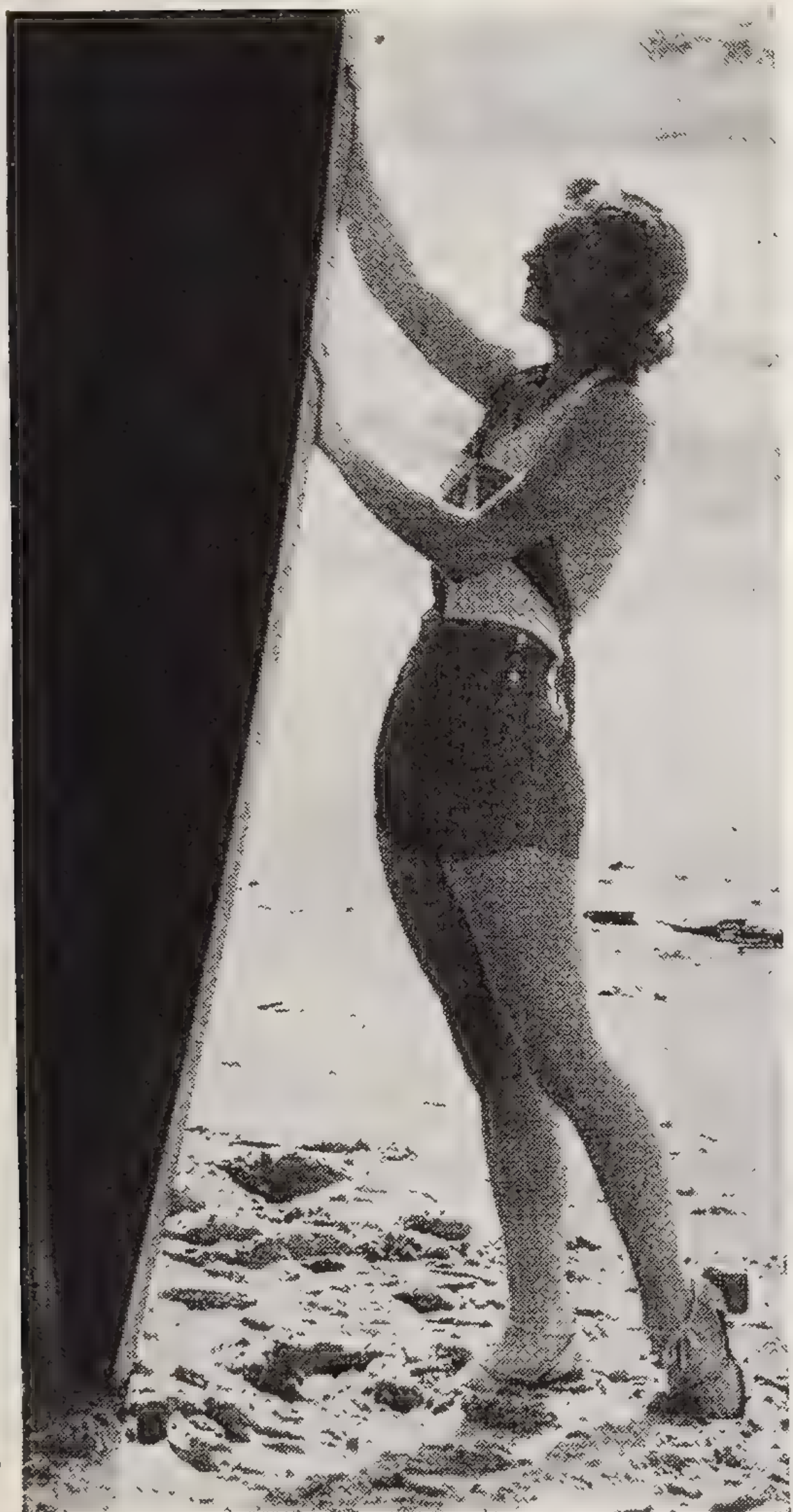
Use a mixture of olive oil and castor oil, half and half, and rub it well into your

Moving Pictures Have Done More
to Glorify Beauty in Women Than
All the Poets of All the Ages.

scalp, leaving it on overnight. Then shampoo the next day. Repeat this about four or five days later, and repeat a third time about a week or more after the second treatment. Each time you do it, try to make the shampoos a little further apart, until you are shampooing only every two weeks. Frequent shampoos encourage oiliness—instead of discouraging it. Don't ask me why more oil helps to eliminate oiliness—because there's a long and technical answer to that question. Just try it yourself and see!

But do use pure soap for your regular shampoos. An olive oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. There are on the market, too, liquid shampoos that are very fine and you will find these easier to use than cake soap. Tar soap is better for brunettes, as it has a slight drying tendency. When you do use cake soap for shampooing, it is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp which do not rinse off easily. A tablespoonful of lemon juice in the final rinsing water will cut the soap curds and assure you that the hair is clean. Do rinse it out carefully, and, if it is possible, dry your hair by hand, out in the sunlight, and avoid those terrible hot drying lamps at the average hairdresser's.

Good health, careful brushing, complete cleanliness. These are the things you need for hair beauty!



Ginger Rogers and a bit of her surf board. Ginger has her new bathing suit—1934 model—which reveals the slimmest waist of this generation.



Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

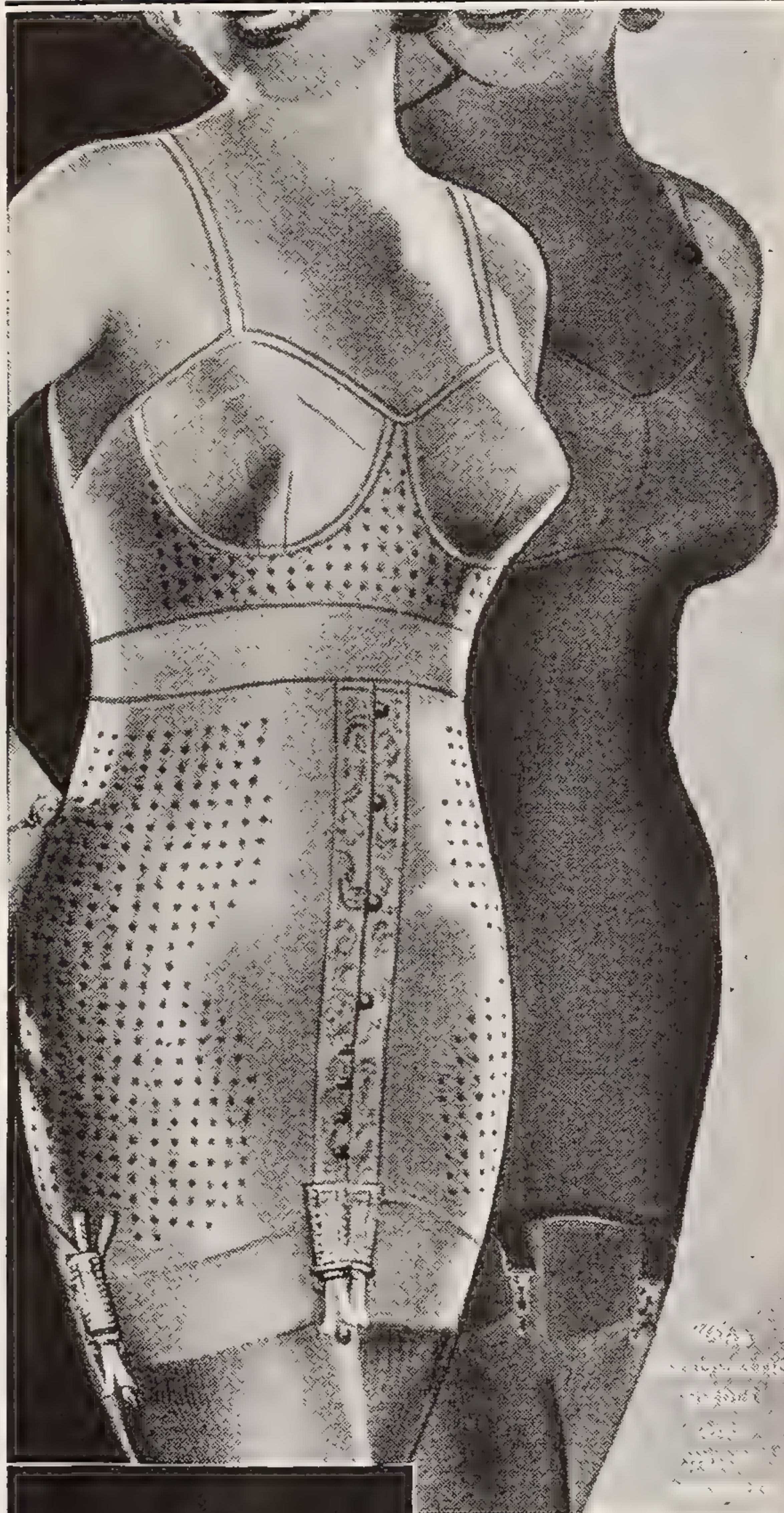
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

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... or it will cost you nothing!



WE WANT YOU

to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES

QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days You Can Be
YOUR SLIMMER SELF . . .

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your

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City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



"We have to have LOVELY TEETH or we lose our jobs"

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher

lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

Due to its effective polishing agent, Listerine Tooth Paste not only makes teeth shine, but less brushing is required. Film and discoloring stains disappear with surprising speed. Yet the polishing agent is soft. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the enamel in any way.

No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing *twice* as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(top) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(left) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.

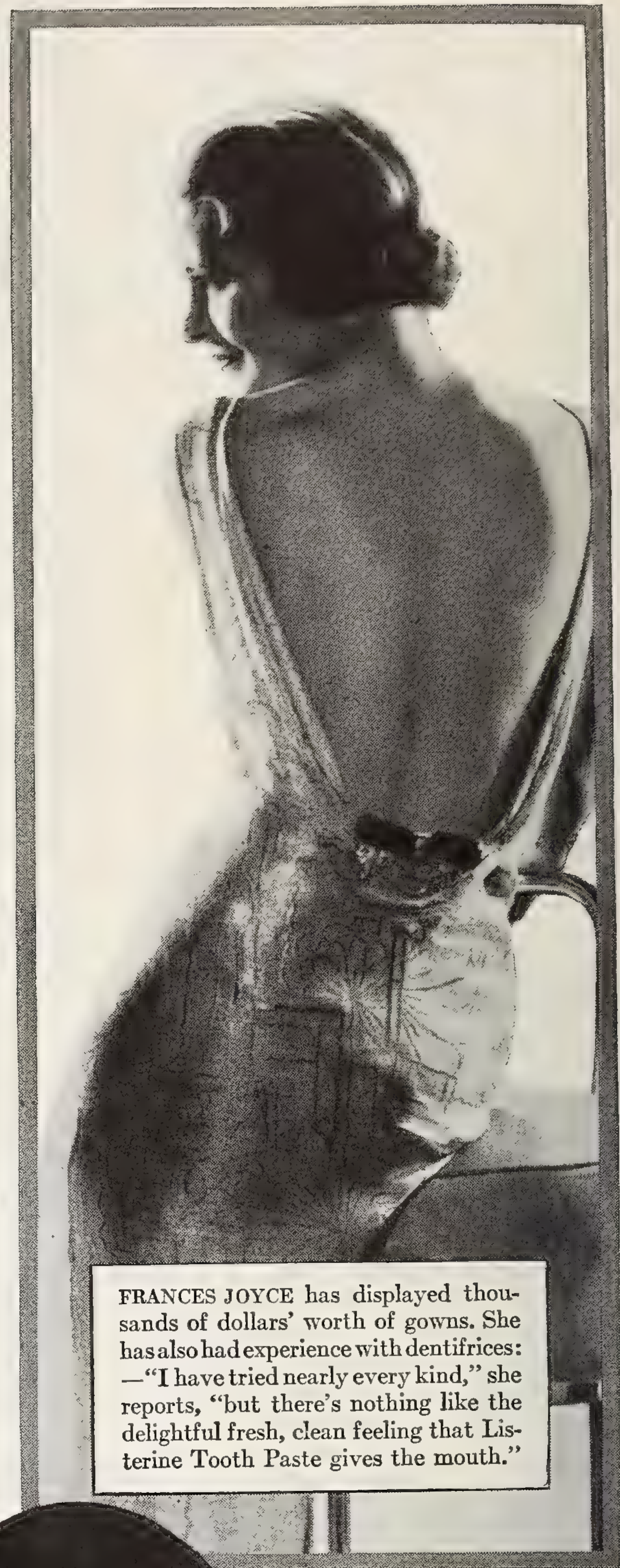
FRANCES JOYCE has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns. She has also had experience with dentifrices:—"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the delightful fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢



The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.



Topics FOR Gossips

SILVER SCREEN

If actors could only treat their critics as Fredric March treats the rogues in "The Firebrand!"



MAE WEST has been reliably informed that London has gone for a song dedicated to her and called "If Those Hips Could Only Speak." "Whatta they mean 'if they could only speak,'" Mae cracked, "I can make mine talk any time."

TAKE Kay Francis' word for it, there is no serious attachment between herself and Maurice Chevalier. "Just old friends," says Kay. "We attended two Hollywood social functions together and that was all." But Kay, how about those luncheons at the Vendome and dinners at the Russian Eagle? And Maurice has been known to whisper that he likes brunettes best.

HERE'S a new way to reduce, girls! And guaranteed to work. Learn to do the "Tequila"—that shimmy shammy dance that Grace Bradley does in the opening sequences of "Come on Marines." Grace lost three pounds a day while she was learning to do that dance.

JANET GAYNOR has gone quite social all of a sudden and is seen frequently at the Coconut Grove and Beverly Wilshire. At the Grove the other night she danced a mean tango with Robert Montgomery.

AND Marlene Dietrich, who rarely goes out of an evening—except to the movies with little Maria—went to the Grove recently in a party that included Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo. Even the head waiter stared!

STORMS couldn't frighten Ruby Keeler, one of those gals who's always in the air. When she found out that her pic-

ture was going to be held up three days before production started, she caught a New York plane, arrived on Broadway in time to go to the opening of "Wonder Bar" with husband Al Jolson, and the next day flew back to Hollywood.

TO cleanse the skin and tighten it, Dolores Del Rio told us that she pats strained honey into it and allows it to remain for about ten minutes. The honey then is washed off with lukewarm water. The honey is astringent as well as healing.

LANNY ROSS, the popular and handsome crooner of the "Here comes the Showboat hour," acquired quite a unique reputation for himself during his six weeks in Hollywood making a picture. He had not one single date during the entire time. And with all those beautiful damsels around, too. Mary Brian must be slipping.

SECOND GUESSES

New Titles for Old*

"Lazy River".....	Formerly "Louisiana"
"Riptide".....	{ "Lady Mary's Lover" "Rip Tide"
"Keep 'Em Rolling".....	"Rodney"
"Rhythm in the Air".....	"Hot Air"
"A Woman in her Thirties".....	"Fur Coats"
"Success at any Price".....	"Success Story"
"This Man is Mine".....	"Transient Love"
"She Made Her Bed".....	"Baby in the Ice Box"
"Wharf Angel".....	"The Man Who Broke His Heart"

* Subject to change without notice.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, so they say around the studios, is about the most temperamental of the younger generation of stars. There was the time in "The Story of Temple Drake," so they tell you at the studio, when Miriam told one of the actors that he wasn't answering his cues fast enough. The director quietly went over and stretched himself out in the corner, while Miriam looked on in astonishment. "You're doing my part, Miriam," he said, "so I'm going to play your part."

OF course we really don't believe that Gracie Allen was as dumb as she acted—but something happened the other night that gave us to wonder. Gracie was in one of those very swank clubs, where they don't bother to put doorknobs on the doors, and leaned against the door. Hoopla—there went Gracie suddenly, completely out of the conversation. And the doctor had to take six stitches in her head.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is a great floor sitter. And Kay Francis is another who always prefers to sit on the floor, if the hostess doesn't mind.

WHEN CARY GRANT and the new Missus (the former Virginia Cherrill) arrived in Hollywood after three months in London, Cary said, "The first thing I want is a hot dog and a hamburger. They can't be bought any place in London and my mouth is just watering for one." We've often wondered why some enterprising salesman didn't start a chain of hot dog stands in London. At least he'd have for customers all the English people who once made pictures in Hollywood, and got addicted to that awful vice of hamburger and onions before going to bed.

[Continued on page 48]



Acme

Clark Gable Sees So Many Women He's Crazy About Horses.

WHEREVER I go people say, "Do you know Clark Gable?"
I say, "Sure."
"What's he like—really?"

I've decided in view of all I owe Clark Gable—who gave me one of the most thrilling moments since I was born—to let you in on a secret. I mean, after all, what's the use of keeping things to yourself all your life? The truth is that Clark Gable is the most attractive man off the screen that we've ever had on the screen—maybe that sounds a little involved, but you know what I mean.

It just happens, because of the way we met and the things that happened, that Clark and I are friends. He is a man capable of friendships—real friendships. That word friend means so much to me that I use it very rarely. Life offers few things more splendid than friendship, as most of us know, and so I'd like to tell you the story of a funny thing that happened because I think it's rather nice.

Several years ago I wrote a book called "A Free Soul." It was very close to my heart, that book, and for ten long months I spent a good many hours every day, trying to write it to the very limits of my ability, whatever that may be. Maybe you don't know it, but sometimes writers pour into their work everything they possess, every feeling they have. And the people in that book become very, very real to them.

The hero of "A Free Soul" was a young man named Ace Wilfong and, though I started out to write a story about a girl and her father, somehow Ace grew more important as the book progressed, until I felt I knew him very well indeed—that he was someone real, and that I wished I had him for a friend. I used to think about him a good deal and wonder if there was anyone like Ace around anywhere.

Well, the book was finished and it ran in "Cosmopolitan" as a serial, and it was a best seller, and as a play it ran on Broadway for quite a while, and then they decided to make a motion picture of it.

Naturally, I wondered a lot about who would play Ace. The young man who had played it on the stage was very good—but he wasn't *my* Ace. Oh, not at all. And I somehow felt that it would just break my heart if in the picture I didn't see the real Ace.

Now, one day I was walking across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and upon the flower-bordered walk I came face to face with a tall, dark young man, who swung along with a trace of swagger in his walk—a young man who smiled at me as we passed. He had blue-gray eyes in a dark face, and a crest of black hair, and the figure of a guardsman. And when he had passed, I stopped suddenly on the path and said aloud to myself, "Why—that was Ace."

I followed him then, quite shamelessly, and discovered that he was a comparatively unknown young actor named Clark Gable. So, it being strictly none of my business, I flew up to Irving Thalberg, the genius of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and said, "I've just seen a man named Clark Gable—"

Irving twinkled at me. "And you want him to play Ace Wilfong," he said. "Well, don't get excited, he's going to."

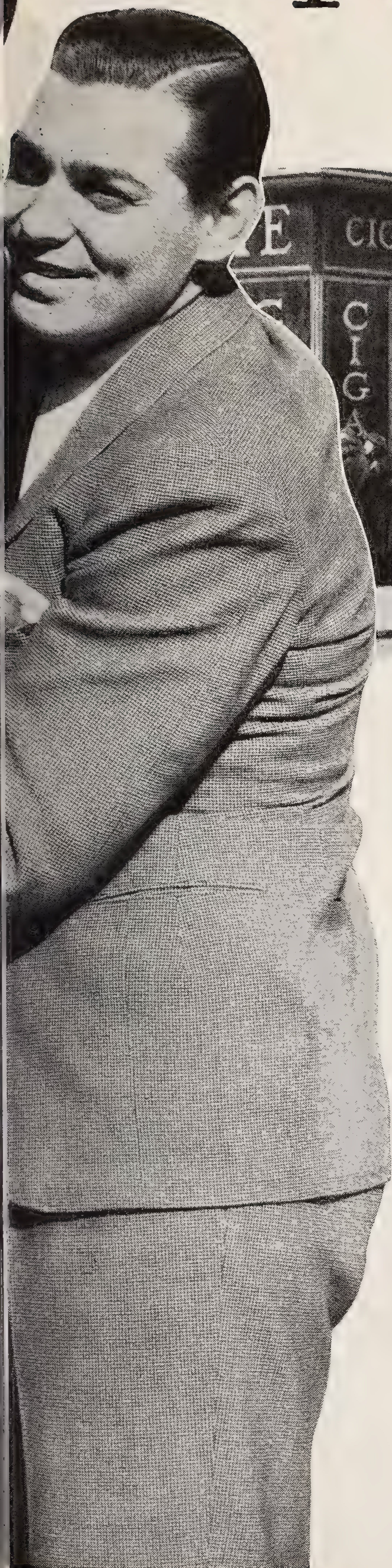
The other night I was dining with Clark in his dressing room at the Capitol Theatre in New York, where he was making personal appearances and packing them in. And, for the first time, he told me the other side of the story.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said, "how things happen and people drift together. When I was on the stage in New York and not doing any too well—probably because I wasn't a very good stage actor at best—I read "A Free Soul" in a magazine. I was nuts about it. I used to sit and think about that guy Ace and I'd say to myself, 'I'd rather play that part than anything I ever read.' I read the darn book two or three times until I felt I knew Ace—well, like he was a pal of mine. Of course, I never dreamed I'd get a chance to play it—and I used to wonder about the author and

PERSON

Clark Gable
Visits New York

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



Fans lined up at the box office of the Capitol Theatre in New York City to see Clark Gable.

The filly "Beverly Hills" that Clark owns and races at Caliente.

"The public that kids an actor is Public Enemy No. 1," says Clark Gable.



if I'd ever meet her. "You know how I got into pictures. I'd given up all hope of them—nobody wanted me. And then all of a sudden I was working at M-G-M,—and I was going to play Ace in "A Free Soul," and that was actually the most thrilling moment of my career."

When I first saw him on the screen it was one of the most thrilling moments of mine. So you see we started off on a remarkable basis—because there isn't anything an actor likes as well as finding a part that he is crazy to play, and for an author to see a character come alive on the screen is something which happens very seldom.

You become a little hesitant about using the word charm. It has been misused so much. But actually, Clark Gable possesses

charm—and something more. There is a vital magnetism about Gable—and I think it is because he so definitely and completely enjoys life, enjoys living. You feel it when you are in a room with him, it fills the room and people turn to him whether they are conscious of it or not. Good or bad, up or down, hot or cold—he has the real joy of living which is born in only a few people out of each generation, and which is irresistible.

We were sitting together, Clark and his beautiful wife and I, on a big green davenport in Rudy Vallee's living room, high over Central Park, where we had all been dining. Clark had been out with Charlie MacArthur all afternoon—you know Charlie, who is married to Helen Hayes and wrote "The Front Page" and is an altogether amusing and delightful person. And Clark was feeling very grand indeed.

He said, "Look—it's your business to write about people, to interview them. Did it ever occur to you what an awful ordeal it is for an ordinary guy like me? Why, the first time I came down to your house to be 'interviewed' I damn near died. I felt as though I was apt to put my foot in it or speak out of turn. No audience ever scared me as much. All the day driving down to your house at Malibu I thought, 'Here's a dame who will ask me a lot of questions and look right through me and she can go ahead and write anything she wants to about me.' I remember I intended to be on my best behavior," he stopped to shout with laughter, "and not say anything much. And then I got down there and we had a couple of drinks and [Continued on page 68]

CAROLE GETS Her Own Way

By
Dave Keene

*Carole Lombard Finds
That Fate Is Kind
to Blondes.*

STRUGGLE, determination, push and perseverance are seldom descriptive of fragile blonde ladies.

Such sturdy qualities are usually attributed to worthy sisters with jutting chins. And jut, my observing fans, is exactly what Carole Lombard's chin does do, even if you haven't noticed it.

People seem to stop analyzing Carole when they get to her eyes. They are round and blue, and truly magnificent orbs.

Carole's chin, which has had so much to do with her success in pictures, was handed down to her by an ancestor who beat his way through the wilderness, from Maryland to Indiana, and helped open the new west to civilization. He was one of the founders of a settlement that was called Fort Wayne, in honor of the block-house that offered protection from marauding Indians.

Into a Fort Wayne embellished with trolley cars, cafeterias and really good plumbing, Carole was born on an autumn morning in early October. Two brothers, Stuart and Fred, preceded her by a few years, but they decided that they rather liked their little sister, and at four she became a full fledged member of their closed corporation for life.

When Carole was seven, her mother took her three charges off to Los Angeles, where, she believed, she could make their genteel poverty look more genteel and less meagre.

It was not until Carole was in high school and had her first shingle that she really felt the pinch of an undernourished income.

With her first invitation to a party, the clothes question loomed largely and darkly in Carole's horizon. Being an alert and very determined youngster of thirteen,

she soon learned to do wonders with a yard of fifty cent material. By the time she was sixteen, she was considered one of the most popular girls in the Los Angeles younger set, and by far the best groomed, although few knew that every outfit she wore was designed, cut and stitched with her own hands.

At no time was she ashamed of the family fortunes, or rather lack of them, but she resented the stinting, saving and scheming that was necessary every time she stepped over the threshold of a shop.

To live graciously became her mania and fixation. The desire to be surrounded by casual luxury, free from the worry of rent day and petty economies drove her finally from the classroom to the Mack Sennett studios.

Her only dramatic ventures had been a

little dabbling in dramatic art with Miss Miriam Nolks, and a few amateur appearances in school plays. Sennett, however, did not hire her for his slapstick comedies because she could act. His practiced eye noted that beneath a mop of blonde hair, the girl had an intelligent as well as a pretty face, that her figure was superb and that she was in the mood to take a dozen custard pies, where such pastry is usually taken, for the sake of a career and the money she was determined to have.

She was assigned to a dressing-room formerly occupied by Mabel Normand and Gloria Swanson, and given a dozen or so flimsy bathing suits.

While Carole was busy dodging pies all day at the studio, she spent her evenings evading the disapproval of her mother and the ire of two brothers, who decided that for once the kid sister had gone completely out of hand.

"Back to geometry you must go!" they shrieked at her nightly, while Carole moistened the run in her only good pair of silk stockings and refused to be shaken out of a dignified silence.

When she finally received an offer from Fox to do a lead in "Me, Gangster," the family ceased their schoolroom campaign and decided to let little sister have her way about that movie nonsense.

It wasn't long before she had the pleasure of a sisterly, "I told you so," backed up by a contract with Pathe. She played
[Continued on page 70]



Bing Crosby
and Carole are
together in
"We're Not
Dressing."

The BUSY MR. CORTEZ

"And to cap everything, I have to go fall in love!"—

Ricardo Cortez.

By
Patricia Keats



I NEVER have any luck at parties. I've been going to them all my life hoping to get a dream prince (not a Mdivani) or something, but all I ever got was a cocktail spilled down the front of my new print by a clumsy college boy. But Ricardo Cortez, that sleek and handsome villyun of the cinema, has all the luck. Ric doesn't go to parties for months on end, but just by the barest accident he wandered in on one and got Christine Lee, his Dream Girl, and as neat a paragraph in the Social Register as you could ask for. Dear me, it was that old love at first sight business that Bing Crosby sings about, and imagine it popping up in Hollywood, too, of all places!

Ric had sworn that he would never marry again, and he had been sick for months, and he hated playing heels on the screen, and he was getting more and more sensitive, and he wished to heaven people would stop calling up and inviting him to parties. He never went to parties—they should know that. He was pretty sore about it all. And Christine Lee had gotten her divorce in August and had announced definitely to herself and anyone interested that she was through with marriage forever, and love wasn't what it was cracked up to be, and all she wanted was to be left alone. And then the Kentons gave a party. Ric thinks Kenton, the director, is swell, but he'd probably have a lot of dull movie people at his party who'd drink gallons of scotch and rye and talk shop until day-break—however, he'd read every darned book in the place, and he felt restless, and oh-damn-it-all, he'd just drop in at the Kentons' party for a few minutes. And Christine Lee thought the Kentons were swell, too, but she was tired of Hollywood parties and actors and anchovy paste—however, it was a shame to go to bed so early, so she might just as well drop in for a few minutes. So, just by the barest accident, Ric and Chris met and fell in "lurve" (as Toby Wing calls it). And before six months were over, those two young sophisticates, who had denounced marriage and

"Wonder Bar" was a field day for Ricardo Cortez; and who can forget "Mandalay" or "Is My Face Red?"—both triumphs for Ric.

domesticity as not for the likes of them, had said "I do" in Phoenix, Arizona, gone to New York on a honeymoon, and started housekeeping in Beverly Hills. And the moral of all this is: always go to the Kentons' parties.

Now, I am not romantic by nature. In fact I haven't had that Vienna-before-the-War-waltzing-to-the-Blue-Danube feeling since I sat next to my childhood screen lover one night, soon after my arrival in Hollywood, and discovered that his entire dinner conversation consisted of "Haw" and "Huh" and a dirty black-out from the Earl Carroll Vanities of 1925. But I must say that, lunching with Cortez that day in the Warner Brothers' Green Room, I sort of decided that maybe I had underestimated this romance business. Not that Ric was sappy or ga-ga—but no! However, there was a kind of a lilt about him—a very dignified lilt to be sure—but I had a definite feeling that he was bursting his buttons to shout at the world, "I'm in love, and it's a grand and glorious feeling." What a different Ricardo Cortez from the

gaunt, sombre, brooding man I met on the set of "Midnight Mary" about a year ago. A month in the hospital, flat on his back, and then weak and shaky ("Good Lawd, Mr. Cortez," his own cook said when he came home, "you look just like a ghost") he went back to the studio for another gangster rôle. Drafty stages and an all night session to catch up on schedules, and poor Ric was back in the hospital again with a relapse. He was as blue as Nancy Carroll's eyes.

"Yes, I was rather bitter about it all," Ric told me. "Bad pictures, bad health and bad breaks all around. I decided that life was a pretty dull proposition and hardly worth the effort. 'What you need,' my doctor told me one day, 'is to fall in love and get married!' 'A nice idea,' I said, 'but hardly plausible. I would not like to marry an actress because Hollywood marriages are not the most successful in the world—how can they be? With studio calls at all times of the day and night, they don't even know when they are going to have dinner together."

"When I come home after an exasperating day on the set I don't want to find a wife, with frayed nerves, who'll shriek at me over the soup that her director is a pig-headed idiot because he cut out her best close-up, and who, over the coffee, goes into a dramatic scene with tears and superlatives because I'm not being sympathetic enough. No, I want a warm, sweet, poised wife who will listen to me sympathetically while I tell her what a pig-headed idiot my director is. And I don't

[Continued on page 56]

ARE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES

By
Ruth
Biery



Married life for Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez is a springboard of action—now they're on, now they're off.

Do They Set Out
For Matrimony With
a Return Ticket In
Their Minds?

Lupe meant it, and so did Johnny, when they said those sacred words in the little living room of marriage clerk Dorothy Keeler, in the tiny desert city of Los Vegas, Nevada. They *believed* that beloved phrase "for better or for worse, until death do us part" as the rest of us must believe it, in order to say it. They looked from the pinnacle of youthful love down a long, straight lane that ran smoothly—without ruts—to old age, at the bottom.

THE ceremony uniting Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller had just been completed. Johnny held his bride in his arms. Her tears wet the woolly tweed of his lapels. Suddenly, she broke away and stood before Judge Frank Ryan.

"Judge, I want you to answer me a question. Please tell me the truth." The judge nodded solemnly. "Tell me, Judge, are we really married? If we keep it a secret, it can't matter. Nothing can take Johnny from me?"

And when the Judge had assured her, she returned to Johnny. "We belong to each other, now, forever and ever."

Returning to Los Angeles, Lupe snuggled in the bottom of the car, her head upon Johnny's knees. "And we will feel like this *always*, won't we, Johnny?"

And Johnny answered, solemnly, "Always, my Lupe. My *wife*!"

The softness that a man uses for that phrase, whenever he first possesses his woman, was in Johnny's voice.

And the rest of us, in that car, offered silent prayers that this sublimity of love might prove to be exactly what they, and other young lovers through the ages, expected. Everlasting.

It wasn't. Even as we uttered the prayer, we knew that it

JUST LOVE

EPISODES?



Kay Francis made a unique agreement with her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, that when they parted neither would tell the reason.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford in the days when love was young and very beautiful.

could not be answered literally. Man and woman do not live on a mountain top with love, alone. They live in a world of mortals, where there are sticks and stones as well as clear-water streams and half-blown roses. And Lupe and Johnny were to live in a public world where their actions would be photographed and their words recorded. From the moment we hit Hollywood, they could not be certain of one moment alone with the great love that had just received its legal benediction.

And, as I watched them, the thought flashed through my mind, "Well, at least they will develop from this love a lasting friendship!" And I remembered what Helen Hayes had said: "A true friendship is worth almost everything else in life—except motherhood."

But why had I thought of *lasting friendship* for these two who had love—which the world thinks about as something greater?

I have pondered that question off and on, ever since. And I believe I have found the answer. Hollywood has given a new meaning, if not to marriage, at least to divorce. Hollywood has proved that marriage may be an interlude in life, but not an interlude to be buried in shameful oblivion—to be forgotten or shunned. It is an interlude to be remembered, laughed at and cried about, a little. An experience which develops and molds and points the way for other experiences. An interlude which results in good only, for friendship between two people, real friendship, is always good.

It has been said that Hollywood takes marriage and divorce lightly. That is not true. Love is not a matter of locality or profession. *Love* was the same to Lupe and Johnny; to Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; to Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna; to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks; to Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker; to Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; to Gloria Swanson and each of her husbands; to Connie Bennett and Phil Plant and the Marquis, as it is to the average man and woman. Their loves were no less sincere, no less absorbing than other loves. Perhaps they were greater because these men and women must have true depths of emotion for the very nature of their profession.

And their divorces were no less deadly than are other divorces of non-professional people. So many pictures flash through my mind. Joan Crawford, sobbing—not as an actress but as a woman. Joan Crawford dragging weary feet across the same stages over which she once skipped as the "hey hey" girl of pictures. Joan Crawford with dark circles, chalk skin and drooping mouth-corners. All because she was beginning to see that love cannot live upon a pinnacle, alone, forever. Because she was beginning to realize that Doug, Jr., and she were *mortal* rather than imaginative creatures; that they could not corner love and the all-happiness that they had envisioned.

Joan Crawford suffered at the thought of divorce as all real women must suffer when they find happiness to be an illusion capable of being destroyed by actual existence. Mary Pickford suffered—and is still suffering. Ann Harding was just like any other woman during the torment of her suffering. Sally Eilers tried again and again, repeating, "I can't do it. I can't." Long after her separation from Hoot Gibson, she was seen huddled in his arms in a cloak room at a party.

And yet—the first person Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., saw when he returned to Hollywood from England was Joan Crawford. He spent his first evening with her and Franchot Tone. Ann Harding is another new woman, today. She and Harry Bannister have become friends and are seeing each other (*Continued on page 58*)

FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. \$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

Address: (Your Favorite Star)

c/o Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.,

45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Fan Letter to Maureen O'Sullivan

Dear Maureen O'Sullivan:—

To a certain extent we have something in common, and that is the fact that your name is O'Sullivan and my name is Maguinness.

Miss O'Sullivan, do you happen to know any family by the name of Maguinness in your native country?

Thank you for your time.

Yours sincerely,

Richard Maguinness
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Maureen O'Sullivan's Answer—

Dear Mr. Maguinness—

Many thanks for your nice letter and good wishes. It is always a particular pleas-

ure to hear from my countrymen. Yes, I know several Maguinnesses in Ireland. Perhaps they are your relatives!

Again thanks and many good wishes.

Maureen O'Sullivan

The Fan Letter to Loretta Young

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I don't see many pictures, but I recently saw Loretta Young play

for the first time and I simply adore her. But I do think she's too thin.

I simply can't imagine Loretta in the rôle of a sophisticated woman, a siren or some such character because she represents something far finer.

And to think I didn't like her when I first read about her!!! I wish her every success.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Payne
Neligh, Neb.

Loretta Young's Answer—

Dear Evelyn Payne—

Thank you so very much for your nice comment.

Frankly, I do love to play rôles which are natural and real, such as "Man's Castle."

In the picture which I have just finished, I wear some very beautiful costumes (1814 period) which rather disguise my thinness, to which you ob-

ject. You are quite right, I am thin, but I am drinking lots of milk and absorbing sunshine so

much as I can. So maybe the next time you see me on the screen, some curves will be evident. (I sincerely hope so.)

Sincerely,

Loretta Young



February 26, 1934.

Dear Miss Preble:

The Editor of SILVER SCREEN forwarded your letter to me.



How much I should like to prize winning poem and how I feel that you should have object.

Of you and I can only hope I be nice things you said and will be the type you prefer

reciation and every good

ally yours,

Mary Pickford

Mary Pickford appreciates a friend.

The Fan Letter to Mary Pickford

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I have long been an admirer of Mary Pickford, and I wrote a poem about her recently that won first prize in a monthly contest conducted by a national publication. Do you think she would care for a copy of this poem?

I would like to see Mary Pickford take the leading rôle in a sweet, old-fashioned play like those she used to appear in. She is ideally adapted to that type.

Sincerely yours,

Cora May Preble
Compton, Calif.

Mary Pickford's Answer—

Dear Miss Preble—

The Editor of Silver Screen forwarded your letter to me.

I can't tell you how much I should like to have a copy of your prize winning poem and how pleased and honored I feel that you should have chosen me for the subject.

It was most kind of you and I can only hope I may live up to all the nice things you said and that my next picture will be the type you prefer me in.

With sincere appreciation and every good wish, I am

Cordially yours,

Mary Pickford



Loretta Young promises to get fat.

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

The Fan Letter to Frances Dee

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—
I have always admired Frances Dee as an actress. I have felt very much as though she were a friend of mine, but since I have learned that her father is a resident of Indianapolis (I have caught a glimpse of him once or twice) I feel that the bonds of friendship have become even more close.
Is Miss Dee a Hoosier? If she is, there is no doubt that she will be acclaimed one of the world's greatest actresses. A Hoosier can't fail!

Alberta Daniels
Indianapolis, Ind.

FD



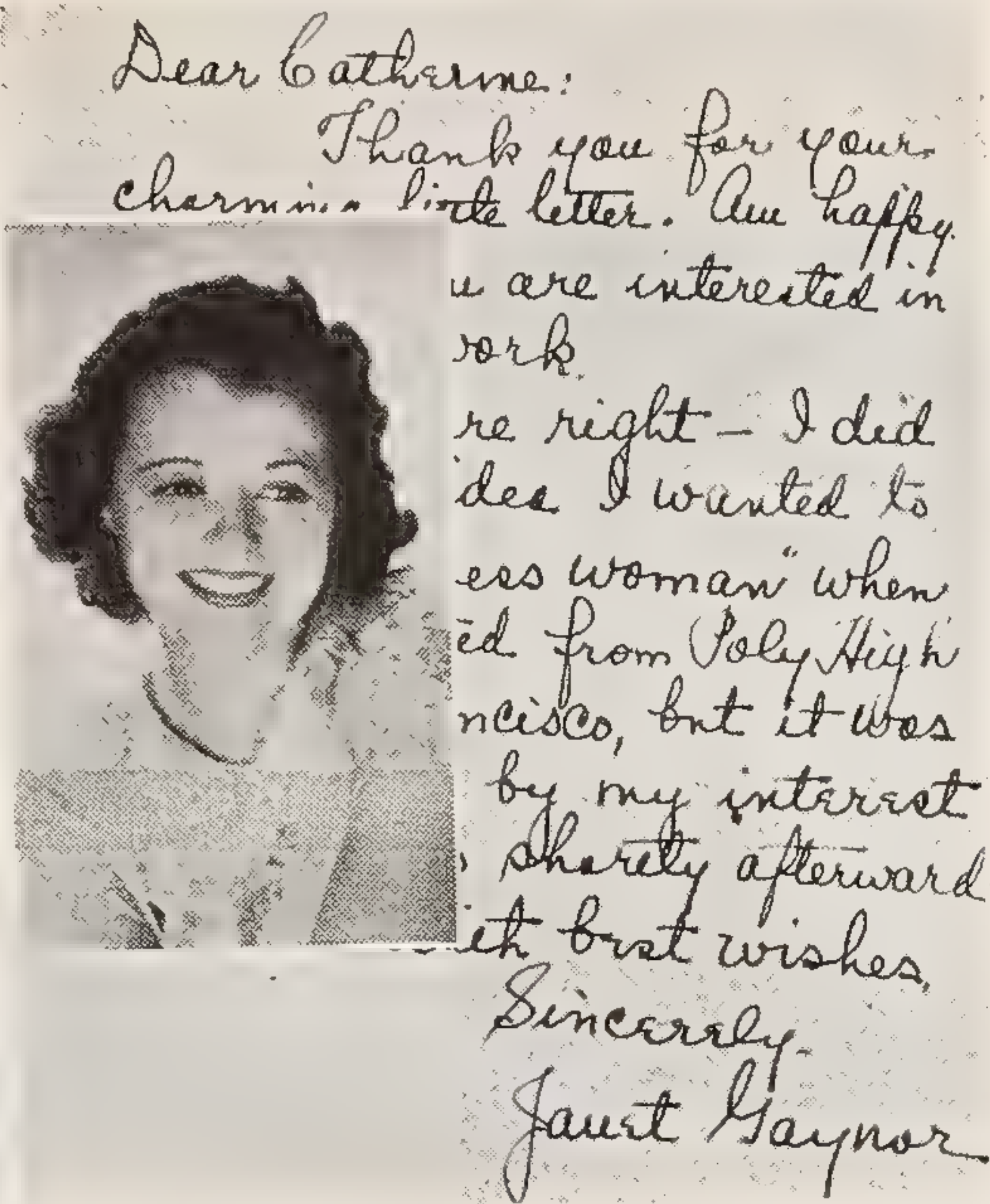
Frances Dee regrets.

Frances Dee's Answer —

Dear Miss Daniels—
I am sorry I cannot say "yes" to your question as to whether or not I am a Hoosier.
As it happens I am a native Californian, born in Pasadena. When I was a little girl we moved to Chicago. My father is a civil engineer and still lives in the Illinois city.
But I am glad that your interest in my native state prompted you to write to me. It always is interesting to know how audiences react. I do not think there is anything you could have told me that would have pleased me as much as for you to say you felt as if I were a friend of yours.
You might have thought me beautiful or talented and have forgotten me very quickly, but if I can inspire a feeling of personal warmth and friendship among those who see me on the screen, it will make me very happy.
Thank you for writing to me.
Sincerely,
Frances Dee

The Fan Letter to Janet Gaynor

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—
After seeing "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," Janet Gaynor is dearer than ever to me. I am glad to note that she is getting rôles that really give her a chance to show her acting ability. I would like to know if Janet once wanted to be a business woman?
Yours truly,
Catherine Janecek
Omaha, Neb.



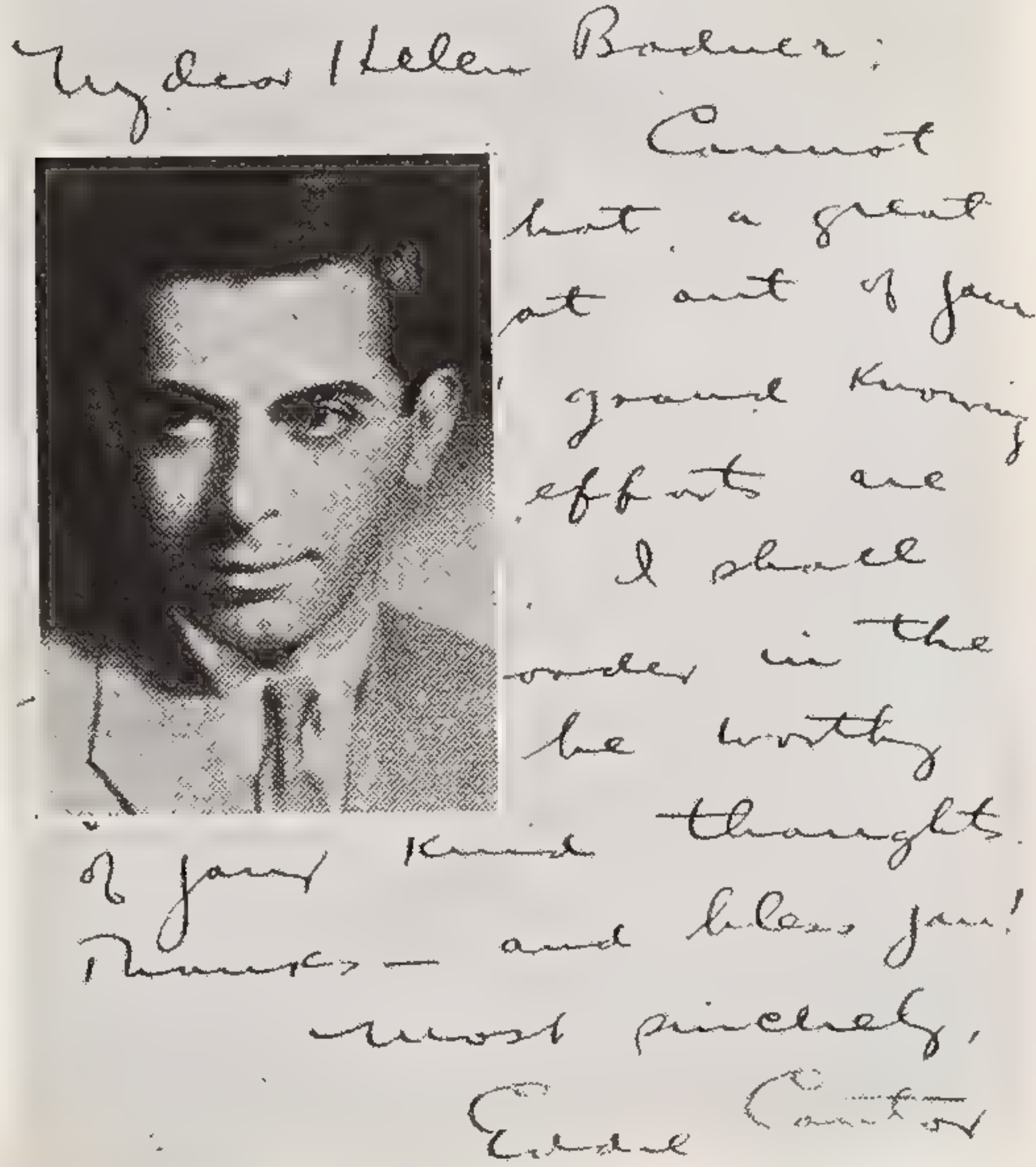
Janet Gaynor says "Thank you."

Janet Gaynor's Answer—

Dear Catherine—
Thank you for your charming little letter. Am happy to know you are interested in my screen work.
You are right—I did have an idea I wanted to be a "business woman" when I graduated from Poly High in San Francisco, but it was over-ruled by my interest in pictures shortly afterward.
With best wishes,
Sincerely,
Janet Gaynor

EDDIE CANTOR

Feb 26-1934



The busy Eddie Cantor gets a kick.

The Fan Letter to Eddie Cantor

To Eddie Cantor:
When some people think of the name, Eddie Cantor, they think of a round-eyed comedian; while others think of a kind-hearted man, a friend to all, whose purse is always open to the needy.
Good luck and best wishes to you, Mr. Cantor, and may you never change!
Sincerely,
Helen Bodner
Rochester, N. Y.

Eddie Cantor's Answer—

My dear Helen Bodner—
Cannot tell you what a great "kick" I got out of your letter. It's grand knowing that one's efforts are appreciated. I shall try even harder in the future to be worthy of your kind thoughts.
Thanks—and bless you!
Most sincerely,
Eddie Cantor



Kay Francis' own handwriting.

Dear Mr. Mackay—
Many thanks for your kind letter to me. It is always a pleasure to know that my pictures can really bring joy to people. Perhaps you would be interested to know that my next film is also a medical story—"Doctor Monica"—While Lyle Talbot is fully recovered from his accident he will be unable to work with me this time. Most sincerely,
Kay Francis

The Fan Letter to Kay Francis

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—
I am a disabled World War Veteran and, like several hundred other war veterans, who have to spend the rest of their lives in soldiers' homes, am in love with Kay Francis.
Miss Francis, you certainly gave a marvelous performance in that picture "Mary Stevens, M.D." We Vets like pictures of that type, with doctors and nurses and all. Makes us feel at home.
I am anxious to know how Lyle Talbot is since his automobile accident. Can you tell me, Miss Francis?
With kindest regards,
Yours truly,
Alexander C. Mackay
Hot Springs, S. D.

Kay Francis' Answer—

Dear Mr. Mackay—
Many thanks for your kind letter to me. It is always a pleasure to know that my pictures can really bring joy to people. Perhaps you would be interested to know that my next film is also a medical story—"Doctor Monica."
While Lyle Talbot is fully recovered from his accident he will be unable to work with me this time.
Most sincerely,
Kay Francis

"Jimmy and Joan" or

"The Maddest Set in Hollywood"

By Elizabeth Wilson



Joan Blondell plays the accordion because she likes the pleats, but Jimmy sings anyhow.

WHAT'S madder than a Mad Hatter? That's easy—ask me another! Anybody who has been around at all knows that the comedy team of Blondell and Cagney is madder than a Mad Harpo Hatter. That's why I made the day I was to visit the set of "Without Honor"—the latest co-starring pitcher of Joan and Jimmy—a red letter day, and awoke with a smile on my usual rather dismal pan and recklessly fell off my diet and gouged on little thin hot cakes, simply dripping with butter, and garnished with a sextette of little pig sausages, and felt generally gay and abandoned about the whole thing.

It's not every day a gal gets to visit a Blondell-Cagney set, tra-la-la-la! Usually I draw a Dietrich set, where Mr. Von Sternberg makes everyone speak in half-tones, even between "takes," and the players have to sit around as cold and immobile as corpses in a morgue; or I draw a Crawford set, where you have to remember you and Edie wuz a lady and speak only when spoken to, and think only kind thoughts because Joan is psychic and sensitive; or I draw a Garbo set, where I am allowed, if sufficiently humble, to look at a couple of spots where the Great One stood only two days ago—and here, on the rug, you can even see where she crushed a grape.

Well, you can just see for yourself that, after all this hooey and fooey, some good clean fun with madcap Joan and Jimmy on a gay set, where people can yodel at each other, would be a treat.

I arrived at the Warner Brothers' Burbank studio simply radiating cheer and good will and maple syrup. Bernie, of the publicity office, and I immediately took off for Stage 2 where once the little Busby Berkeley girls cavorted like lambs in the spring on mossy banks, but where now one sees the Portuguese fishing village of Santa Avila with Mother Gardella's funny old-fashioned house all open to the cameras. There was a big "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on the stage door and for a moment, I got quite a start—had Joan developed temperament? But no, I was assured by Bernie, the sign was left over from Mr. George Arliss's "Voltaire" and meant nothing at all, like a lot of other things in Hollywood.

Once inside there was a sound of an accordion, laughter and mad merriment, and I knew I had been right in declaring it a fête day. In Hollywood your friends fail you, your banks fail you, and even the good earth fails you (and does nipups at the most unexpected moments) but thank heavens, Joan and Jimmy never fail you. It seems that on that day Nick Gardella, played by Victor Jory, a Portuguese fisherman, had called all the men and maidens in from the village for a fiesta in honor of his



When Joan and Jimmy were before the footlights they were behind in their rents, but that's all over now.

newly arrived fiancé, our Joan. Naturally there was a talented accordion player hired for the musical sequence. But those

mangled notes! On closer inspection I discovered that Joan was playing the accordion with gusto, if not talent, and that Jimmy, in a sash he had borrowed from one of the extras, was doing a burlesque of a street singer and yodelling parts of "Santa Lucia," which, of course, had nothing to do with the strange medley that Joan was playing. Jimmy's, midway-between, went thisa way and thata way. It was so funny. I burst into hilarious laughter and, if Mr. Von Sternberg had ever heard that on his set, he would have fainted dead away. But with dozens of other people, including the director, Frank Lloyd, and the cameraman, George Barnes (Joan's husband, of course), and Sarah Padden, and Victor Jory all going *haw haw* and *hey nonny nonny* and *nuts* to you, I wasn't even noticed.

"Is it going to be a musical?" I asked Bernie. No, it appears

Stage Troupers Are Gayer Than Players Who Have Never Had An Audience, and James Cagney and Joan Blondell Live Up To The Tradition.



that an accordion and a couple of songs in these days of Bing Crosby and Busby Berkeley ensembles don't make a musical any more than one swallow makes a spring—or a hangover. Believe it or not, "Without Honor" is a serious dramatic play, with Joan and Jimmy both doing a lot of emoting. But you can't keep those babies serious between set-ups.

There was a momentary lull in the hilarity and Joan shouted to George: "They laughed when I said I could play the accordion."

"But they cried when I showed them," finished Jimmy. "You, too, can play the accordion after six easy lessons. You, too, can be the life of the party."

Jimmy starts an Apache dance while Joan goes into "School Days," or at least started toward it on the groaning accordion, but they are interrupted by a "Ready, kids," from Director Lloyd.

I hide behind Mother Gardella's scentless geraniums and patiently wait until the scene is over before I announce my pres-

is like kissing a doorknob."

The scene over there will be another fifteen minutes or so before the next set-up. Shouting, "I gotta have mu-sick," in a perfect impersonation of Lyda Roberti, Jimmy makes a dive for the seventy-five year old melodeon in the corner of Mother Gardella's homey parlor. That Jimmy can play anything—on or off the set he is about the most music-minded actor in Hollywood.

But before Joan could make it a duet on the poor old melodeon, which probably hadn't been subjected to anything but hymns in all of its three quarters of a century, I asked quite grandly to be introduced to her. Not that I don't know Joan—why I'm the dame who stood up with her that mad morning in Phoenix when she (incognito for two hours) and George Barnes got married. I'll never forget almost laughing out loud when I saw the bewildered minister trying to figure out how a poor little girl in five-and-ten-cent store glasses and a ten dollar coat ever got hold of that diamond ring which flashed like the tower of the Chrysler Building in the sunlight. In fact, Claudette and Norman and I had just left Joan and George's house about eight hours ago—but I saw a Warner Brother hovering around, so I decided to be formal about it all and maybe he'd be impressed with the press and invite us to his previews again. As it turned out, I only impressed Cupcake—who is Joan's roll-size toy Peke, and the most serious minded looking puppy I have ever seen. He suffers from a Napoleon complex. George gave Cupcake to Joan (she named him Cupcake and he's still too young to start resenting it) when she returned after the removal of her appendix, and he was so tiny and cute that Joan fell in love with him immediately even though he resisted all efforts toward housebreaking him. Which reminds me of the other night when I was up at Joan's for dinner (up is right as she lives on the top of a mountain), when Clarence, her butler, (and the best) walked sedately into the living room and with dignity announced—"Ah takes pleasure to announce that Cupcake is at last weaned."

But to return to that impressing business.

"Miss Blondell," I said. "I have a message for you from your dear public."

"Miss Wilson?" said Joan. "I don't recall your name. Are you by any chance on the staff of the Police Gazette? Do come into my dressing room, and don't sit on Cupcake."

"Miss Blondell," I said. "I had my optic on a Warner Brother whom I hoped to impress. But you spoiled everything by bringing me into your canvas-covered shambles. You should see Joan Crawford's and Norma Shearer's elegantly appointed stage dressing rooms. However, I'll give you the message from your dear public. They are most anxious to know, my darling, when you are going to retire?"

"At ten o'clock tonight, I hope," said Joan and playfully tossed a handful of powder right in my face.

I was indeed a pretty sight for lunch with powder popping out of my lungs every time I exhaled, but I ordered lobster *thermidor* and a large order of mashed potatoes and butter—just because Joan is on a diet and can't eat mashed potatoes, though they happen to be one of the things she is most fond of. When I wasn't looking she sneaked some off my plate.

Then Jimmy told George and me about a test he and Joan had made for Fox several years ago in New York, when they were both playing in "Maggie the Magnificent" and making little more than coffee and cakes. (It was after their appearance together in "Penny Arcade" that a cagey Warner Brother

signed them up and sent them to Hollywood). Well, for the Fox test it seems that Joan and Jimmy had to do a dance routine and sing a funny song, but the old Fox signer-uppers went thumbs down, saying that Jimmy was too short and Joan was too tall, and they could neither dance nor sing. They loaned the test out to members of the family just for the laughs.

"Let's go," shouted Joan. "Cupcake's waiting for his carrot. And I want to do 'In the shadows of the night I come to you' on that accordion. George, can I have an accordion for my very own?"



Vic Jory, Joan and Jimmy in "Without Honor," the new picture which is a real dramatic play—no foolin'.

ence. It seems that Jimmy is a bad boy, a safe cracker who ran out on his pals, and is hiding out in Santa Avila. And it seems that, although Joan, a former gal of the streets, has decided to go straight and marry Victor Jory, she is slipping and slipping something awful. She just can't resist Mr. Cagney. He has such ways. Joan and Jimmy do a love scene—a really beautiful love scene—which will convince the Warners that Joan is much more than just a first rate comedienne. The Blondell-Cagney lips touch in as perfect a screen kiss as I have seen in many a day. But don't get excited, there's no love there, only an old friendship that has withstood the test of years. Joan never falls in love with her leading men. She's the little gal who once came out with that delightful crack, "Kissing an actor

The show of

"STAND UP



**5 BREATHLESS
SPECTACLES!**

- Introduction of Loveliness!
- Revival of Laughter!
- Garden of Beauty!
- The Magic Transformation!
- March of Prosperity!

FOX

1001 surprises!

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

AND

CHEER!"

WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

*Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue:* **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN
and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE.
Story Idea Suggested by WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

"Our Last Night
Together"

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

"Broadway's Gone
Hill Billy"

"Stand Up and Cheer!"

NOVARRO THE MUSIC MASTER OF HOLLYWOOD

Long Before Talking Pictures Ramon Novarro Was Singing Songs and Studying Music. The Sound Pictures Were His Great Break.

By Lenore Samuels

THE Broadway Theatre has come into its own again. Not only has it brought back, this year, such excellent Hollywood recruits as Miriam Hopkins, Helen Hayes and Katharine Hepburn, but the old town has been camping right on the doorstep of the Capitol Theatre to welcome the personal appearances of such thrilling stars as Bob Montgomery, Clark Gable and Ramon Novarro.

And, although Montgomery and Gable are generally classed in that section marked "virile as well as romantic," when Novarro, the dreamy-eyed, smouldering Mexican tenor, hung up his beret in the star's dressing-room the house records jumped equally as high.

This, in spite of the fact that Montgomery and Gable performed exciting interludes from their current successes for the delectation of their ardent fans, whereas Novarro, in true professional style, came out and sang several lilting songs of his native land, and spoke to his wide-eyed audience not at all. Furthermore, his voice, a charming tenor, without the aid of the microphone which he, as a true musician, abhors, hardly traveled into the dim back stretches of the huge auditorium. Let's tinkle that one off on our guitars!

Hearing that, on the completion of his week's engagement (during the run of the melodious "Cat and the Fiddle"); Novarro was contemplating an extended concert tour of South America, which would eventually lead him to London where he is to put on a play, "It's Another Story," authored by himself; I tried to catch up with him a moment *en passant*. I wanted to hear what this extremely likable matinee idol—who had begun his career as a dancer with the famous Morgan troupe, and who had since taken not only the cinema but the concert fields along in a comparatively easy stride—had to say for himself before he went so far away.

However, if you imagine for one moment that it was a simpler feat to get in by the back door of the theatre to see Ramon Novarro *tete-a-tete* than it was to get in by the front door with thousands of other eager, pushing fans, you're mistaken. But the efforts of a patient Griselda are generally rewarded, and so, after what seemed an interminable time, I was requested to wing my way up to Novarro's dressing-room.

But were we alone? Not by a long shot. Outside of a valet, who went about his duties with a face wreathed in smiles, a manager, who could have posed easily for a health and happiness advertisement, and a female visitor from the sticks who proceeded, with one hand clutched tight on the doorknob, to discuss "voice" from its most technical and less harmonious side, and a male visitor from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department who did his best to clear the lot of them out and give me a break—well, outside of all that,



"The Cat and the Fiddle" brought Ramon to New York in person. "Laughing Boy" is his next.

everything was just dandy and for a little while I hung in mid-air and was doing fine.

In between a Bach fugue and an aria of Debussy's I managed to be introduced to Novarro and then, after a while, the door was closed upon them all. All, that is, but the grinning Mexican valet. And he was too pleased with the world and himself to think of interfering.

Said Mr. Novarro: "We've got just a few moments. I'm going out to dinner. Sorry. But this is the only free time I've had all week. I've just got to go!"

As I went through the pantomime of a hasty retreat my tell-tale face must have registered my disappointment, but Señor Novarro, with his intuitive Latin temperament, sensed the situation and seating himself, somewhat gingerly to be sure, on the edge of a chair, remarked quickly: "Oh, there's really no hurry. We've got lots of time yet. Five minutes. . . ."

And right here and now I want to go on record and say that when a certain temperamental, colorful young screen star, who goes by the name of Ramon Novarro, nee Sameniagos, late of Durango, Mexico, starts the ball of conversation rolling, you hear more in five minutes than you would if you listened to some people, whom I'm too polite to mention, in as many hours.

Novarro not only talks spiritedly, but he gets up and strides around the room the

better to illustrate his point. He seemed most enthusiastic when talking about his play. He hasn't finished writing it yet, but expects to do so by the time he reaches London. Then he is prepared not only to produce it but to play the leading male rôle as well. If it proves successful, he will bring it back to America later and produce it in New York and perhaps Hollywood.

Asked if his play has a happy theme, he exclaimed impatiently: "Oh, no. There is no such thing really as utter happiness—or completion. That would be deadly. Completion and perfection are seldom synonymous. You remember how that sculptor . . . what's his name?" Almost angrily he got up and strode around the small room. "I should know his name . . . he is so famous . . . so wonderful . . . he is French . . . you ought to know . . ."

"Rodin?" I gasped (realizing instantaneously that I had not only gone to the head of the class but had just about evaded being thrown out on my ear).

"Rodin, yes," he sighed, relaxing once again into his chair. "Well, Rodin let his models hold any natural pose that they happened to assume. He never forced stereotyped poses upon them. Like this, for instance," he illustrated, throwing his supple dancer's body into several carelessly assumed poses immortalized by the famous sculptor . . .

"And so it is with life," he continued. "All things worth while are free . . . easy . . . not stilted. Freedom, to me, is the one thing worth striving for. It is something concrete. Happiness is ephemeral. It cannot last. As for freedom, it, too, eludes us at times, for all of us have somebody, something that clings to us and fetters our movements.

"But in my play, my leading lady, who is a moving picture actress, must be free. And so the man she loves (he is a moving picture star) is powerless to help her. For he has already achieved his success. She has yet to win hers. And he has strength enough to make her climb all by herself, without so much as a little shove from him. For his success would be bound to hurt her in some intangible way, perhaps, and in the end she could not say 'this thing that I am is of my own creation. It is not that of another.'"

While he talked I wondered, in a haphazard fashion, if this theme of his play did not remotely resemble a certain romantic incident in Novarro's own life, but I sagely decided not to mention it.

"You see what I mean?" he gesticulated descriptively.

I did, indeed. I also saw that he was now removing the more obvious bits of makeup from his face. Still talking (Zounds! how versatile these Latins are) he slipped into his overcoat, donned his hat and, as if timed to the split second,

[Continued on page 73]

You Will
SEE THEM IN THE
NEW ~
PICTURES



Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in
"We're Not Dressing."

BING CROSBY

A crooner can be a regular fellow, and Bing has proved it. His personal appearances were a sensation, and his pictures have made hits and runs. The next one is titled "We're Not Dressing," and Carole Lombard supports Bing with a bang.





IRENE DUNNE

"STINGAREE" will soon be out and Irene's army of fans will attack the box office more fiercely than ever. Irene's successful pictures deal with "Back Street" life, but, actually, she is happily married—Mrs. Dr. Griffin, in fact.



JEAN HARLOW

NOW that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Jean have reconciled—and how easy it is to make peace when you give the lady her own way—Jean soon will be at work on "The Age of Larceny" and drawing the new fat pay envelope.



The smiling Myrna



Tanner

MYRNA LOY

IN THE land of Make Believe, they are mourning the loss of the exotic half-caste that Myrna used to be. She's gone native—back to the lovely Montana girl that she really is. Now she is well on her way to stardom. Myrna has the leading spot in support of Clark Gable in "Men in White."



John Miehle

CLIVE BROOK

SOME off-stage pictures of the actor who put "Cavalcade" in the top brackets last year. He is next to star in "The Dover Road." This title is an English slang expression, meaning that someone's wife runs away with somebody else's husband. Tch! Tch! Clive Brook, a fine actor—remember Heliotrope?





Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN

"**B**ULL Dog Drummond Strikes Back" is the title of Colman's next picture and, of course, it is a sequel to one of his greatest successes. The screen owes much to this Britisher, and every fan pays tribute with sincere admiration to Colman's charm.

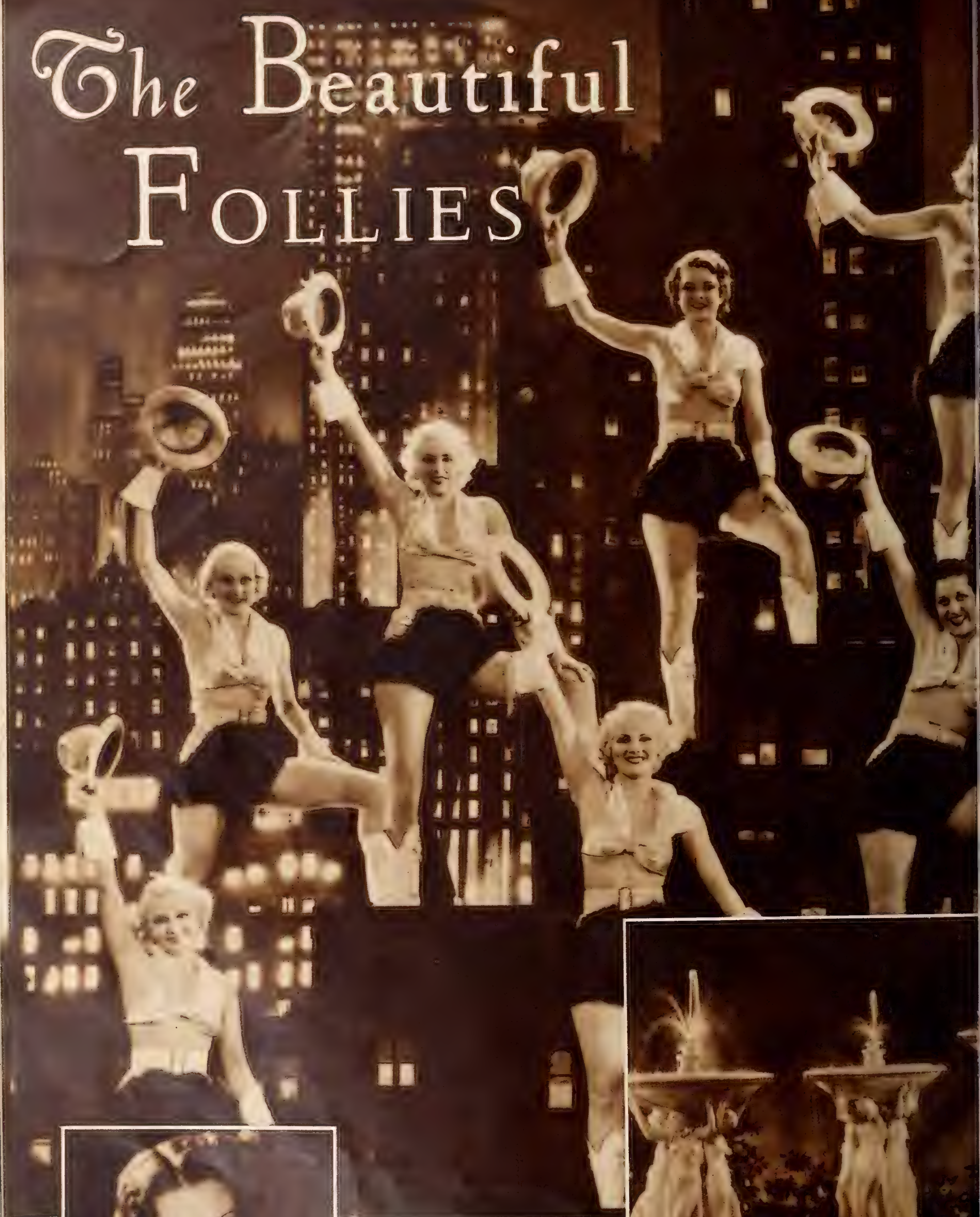


Lazarnick

SOME actresses reach the peak of their beauty in still portraits, and some appear best on the screen. Beautiful English Madeleine Carroll, who is just starting "The World Moves On," has an aliveness that only the movie camera can catch.

MADELEINE CARROLL

The Beautiful FOLLIES



Heather Angel

THE idea back of a musical is girls—a darn good idea, too—and when the musical is labeled "Stand Up and Cheer" then the original idea has to be carried out with a superlative degree of intriguing curves and luscious charms.





Warner Baxter and Madge Evans



SYLVIA FROOS
and
JOHN BOLES

WARNER BAXTER gets the top billing and many brave hearts are stripped for action. The house tops are hardly high enough to satisfy these Follies Girls in their ambitious climb to the heights.



Gary Cooper is working on the M-G-M lot, by special permission of Paramount and Sandra.

MARION DAVIES

"**O**PERATOR 13," a Civil War story from the gifted pen of the late Robert W. Chambers, is Marion's next picture, with Gary Cooper opposite—their first appearance together.



WYNNE GIBSON

THE Vicki Baum story, "I Give My Love," will be Wynne Gibson's great moment. It is a Universal Picture, and perhaps you recall that this is the title which won the recent Silver Screen contest.





ROBERT YOUNG

IN "The House of Rothschild," Robert adds another good performance to his record, but never will he be greater than he was as that reckless English boy in "Today We Live."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MAE CLARKE

IF Anna Sten's "Nana" did not do quite as much for Anna as it was intended to, it gave Mae Clarke a break, and what a gay lady she was! Sin seemed quite attractive.



NILS ASTHER

"NEELS" (correct pronunciation) in "The Crime Doctor" follows up the great success he made of the character part in Ann Harding's picture, "The Right to Romance."



Ernest Bachrach

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

HER next is "Glamour," but another picture of hers that is still playing is "Looking for Trouble." Some stars make one picture a year, but Connie makes two at a time.



LANNY ROSS

"Melody in Spring" brings the air singer to pictures for the first time.



Scotty Welbourne

BETTE DAVIS

Gone visiting, to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage."



Ernest A. Bachrach

ROSE COGHLAN

Her Grandmother made the name famous. Rose starts in "Finishing School."



JIMMIE DURANTE

When you see George White's "Scandals," the Cyrano of the Cinema will surprise you.

CAROLE LOMBARD
and GEORGE RAFT
in Paramount's
"BOLERO"
MAX FACTOR'S MAKE-UP
Used Exclusively

AWAKEN *Romance* IN YOUR LIFE with the *Charm of Beauty*

★ Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How
Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

Powder... To create
atin-smooth make-up that
monizes with Carole
mbard's blonde colorings,
ax Factor's Rachelle
ce Powder is the color
mony shade. Soft in tex-
e, even in color, clinging
it imparts to the skin a
diant beauty.



Rouge... Now a
touch of Max Factor's Blon-
deen Rouge to give the at-
traction of delicate color to
the cheeks. Harmonizing in
color, creamy-smooth in tex-
ture, it blends perfectly...
and actually looks like a
glow of natural color.



Lipstick... To give
emphasis to the natural color
appeal of the lips, Max
Factor's Super-Indelible
Vermilion Lipstick com-
pletes the color harmony en-
semble. And it's moisture-
proof lip make-up... the
color remains permanent and
uniform for hours.



BEAUTY'S secret of attraction is color...
for it is color that has an exciting emotional
appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a
new kind of make-up... color harmony make-
up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's
make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lip-
stick are harmonized in color to emphasize the
alluring color attraction of each type of blonde,

brunette, brownette and redhead.

You, too, can enhance the attraction of your
beauty with color harmony make-up... for
now you may share the luxury of the personal
make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of
other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face
Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty
cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick,
one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick
IN COLOR HARMONY



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN
FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
Hollywood, California. 17-5-77

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick. Color
Tester, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

★ Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction
Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

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HAL LE ROY

IN "Harold Teen," when Patricia Ellis sees Harold, she just lets everything go.

PATRICIA ELLIS



RICHARD ARLEN

THEY are in "Come On Marines," and for once Dick doesn't seem to have the situation well in hand.

IDA LUPINO



Wide World

The GRANT THAT TOOK VIRGINIA

By Helen Harrison

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill are now man and wife, and quite happy over the whole thing.

"COM' up 'n' see me som' time," sounded like pretty good advice to Cary Grant. He listened to Mae West attentively in "She Done Him Wrong," and thought about Virginia Cherrill. Mae's slink in "I'm No Angel" drew crowds (who remembered Cary), but failed to divert our hero, and now Virginia Cherrill is Mrs. Cary Grant! Ulysses S., it is true, may have had his innings in Richmond—but Cary, of the same name, takes in more territory—and Virginia seems to like it!

They were staying at the Algonquin and we had a delightful reunion over the luncheon table, or maybe they just did it with mirrors, because I know I shouldn't have been delighted to see the Press barge into a blissful *tete a tete*—but Virginia and Cary are just like that. They shake your hand as though they are glad to see you, as if they *don't* mind your sitting right between them, and they exude young love without getting into your *crepe Suisette* . . .

"Tell me all about it," I said—just like a mother-in-law!

"Well, we're married," Cary beamed. You know that grand grin which tops off his six feet one and makes you think the beacon has been turned on in the lighthouse.

"We just thought it couldn't be possible!" Virginia added, "because everything seemed to come between us—first Cary was ill in the hospital for weeks, then I decided to do an English picture, then we had just a short time to get married, and they insisted upon having my divorce papers first, before they could issue a license, and we got to feeling desperate!"

"You bet!" with great enthusiasm from Cary.

"Wait, you children," I piped up in my senile treble, "tell me ALL—right from the very beginning!"

Of course it didn't come coherently, Virginia would start and Cary would carry on from some point, to have the thread taken up by Virginia again, but you don't care, do

you—let's *be* informal! It's so much fun.

"I'll never forget the first time I saw Cary," Virginia laughed, "it was on the screen. He didn't make much of an impression on me at all. Of course that was back at the beginning, when he came to Hollywood. And then I saw him in another picture—and I said to whomever was with me at the time, I really forget, 'that's the most attractive man I've ever seen!'"

And I immediately became a Cary Grant fan! You know, darling, I really *was* one of your fans," Virginia shot over to him.

[Cont. on page 70]

Cary Grant supported Mae West in her sensational successes.



Rumors That Float Through the Hollywood Brain

THE new neckline is going to be "high, wide and handsome" according to Travis Banton, who ought to know about such things. And it's all on account of "The Scarlet Empress." Soon we'll be copying those high stiff collars which Marlene Dietrich wears when playing Catharine the Great.

RICARDO CORTEZ, who used to be a doorman at a New York theatre, is now a producer—and it's likely that his play will open in the same theatre where once he rushed out with an umbrella to keep Madame's coiffure from getting wet. The name of the play is "Shoestring" and Ric is putting up the bankroll.

BOB MONTGOMERY thought he was playing the slot machines at the Clover Club the other day, when he put a nickel in the pay station telephone at Culver City—and suddenly \$12.50 in change rolled out. It certainly looked like a jackpot, and Bob was grabbing the coins up gaily when he had a dismal thought. Yes, regretfully but honestly, he turned over the money to the studio to give back to the telephone company.

CARL BRISSON, who has the broadest shoulders in Hollywood and the most spectacular car and who is a Dane who has acquired fame in Europe and America, thinks that perhaps he gave Greta Garbo her first shove towards the top of the ladder. In 1921 Carl was the owner and stage producer of the Mosebache Theatre in Stockholm, and he hired Greta as a super in a play called "Blue Blondes." Six years later, in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm he met her again, and she sweetly thanked him for giving her the opportunity to break away from the barber shop where she first had to earn her living.

Carl held the amateur middle-weight championship of Europe and Scandinavia for a number of years before he turned to the stage and screen. You probably saw him in "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," and you'll soon see him in "Murder at the Vanities." Carl brought with him to Hollywood a European car, all white and shiny, which is about the most sensational thing Hollywood has seen in the way of buses since the Valentino era. It has an ice-box, a griddle and a bar in it—everything ready to start house-keeping.

When Monsieur Brisson asked Gail Patrick to drop in for a cocktail, the other day, Gail told him she didn't drink. So then he suggested a cigarette, but Gail told him she didn't smoke. So, then he excused himself for a moment, and rushed back with a box of chocolates for her—and on the cover of the box was a picture of

Brisson and his greetings. But poor Carl was doomed to disappointment, for Hollywood actresses haven't eaten chocolates in years.

JOAN CRAWFORD started her new picture, "Sadie McKee," with a dance number, because it's her pet superstition that if she has a dance sequence it will bring her good luck. And Carole Lombard always tries to wear a slinky beaded dress sometime during her pictures because that is supposed to bring her good luck.

JOHN BARRYMORE claims that he gives little John Barrymore, Jr., a dollar for every word he learns—though dollars interest him not at all at his early age. On the recent fishing trip down in Mexican waters, John says that little John was sitting on deck watching his old man fish. When John pulled in a big swordfish John Junior piped up with "Colossal." He didn't get a dollar for that one—only a dirty look.

"DO your eyes bother you?" one of the Earl Carroll cuties asked Jack Oakie on the set the other day, and before Mrs. Offield's son could reply, she snapped, "Well, they bother me, big boy." But a batch of Earl Carroll cuties is no treat to our Jack for he used to dance in the chorus of one of New York's most lavish musical revues.

BUSTER KEATON says that the greatest gambler of all times was Lady Godiva—she put everything she had on a horse!



Stuart Erwin, who has made a hit in "Joe Palooka," does not let his success disturb his skeptical viewpoint.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon at the Hollywood Opening of "Queen Christina."



THE newest beauty fad to hit Hollywood is the vogue for applying liquid rouge on the inside of the fingers—between each finger—in delicate shades that blend with the skin tint and with the shade of nail enamel used. Ginger Rogers thought of this while she was sitting on the set one day trying out little tricks with her make-up. Ginger says that fingers treated this way appear more tapering, and the entire hand is given a delicacy and whiteness that is otherwise lacking.

WELL, you can't stop Mae West—even with slogans—so you might just as well give up and return to your knitting. A fan won a Mae West contest recently by making up the slogan "The gal nobody no's." When Mae met the contest winner she gave her a copy of "Diamond Lil" and autographed it "To the gal who knows the gal nobody no's."

DOLORES DEL RIO always wears coolie hats at the beach, and does she look fascinating in them! She has a collection in vivid Chinese yellows and lacquer reds.

NOW that "The Scarlet Empress" is all cut and ready for release, Marlene Dietrich has gotten very sociable with her fellow artists on the Paramount lot and, all in the same day, dropped into their dressing rooms to see Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard, Ethel Merman and Charlie Ruggles. What—no Mae West! Her "calling" ensemble was a curve-revealing sweater and skirt, topped by a leopard coat.

DAVID SELZNICK, who is about to produce "David Copperfield," has asked the Dickens Clubs of America and England (and they number more than five million members) to cast the picture for him. There are to be sixty-eight characters, including Uriah Heep, Micawber, Aunt Betsy Troutwood—and most important of all, David Copperfield himself. So get busy, if you're a Dickens clubber, and send in your choice.

the Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze

GENE RAYMOND finished up his leave of absence by basking in the sunshine at Palm Beach.

THOSE irresistible impulses are embarrassing at times. The other night Charlie Ruggles saw Charles Laughton in "Henry VIII." In the picture, when Anne Boleyn is beheaded, a cannon is fired as the axe falls, to notify Henry. Just as the cannon boomed, Charlie burst into song with "Annie doesn't live here any more."

AND a Hollywood theatre ran on its marquee recently: "Henry XIII" "Lady Killer."

CHARLOTTE HENRY, since doing personal appearances all over the country with "Alice," is quite used to autograph hunters, but she received rather a jolt the other day when a man in working clothes asked her to autograph a ten dollar bill. When she had finished, the man tipped his hat and said, "Thank you, little lady, that's another ten dollar bill my movie-mad wife won't spend."

RICHARD DIGGS, a Paramount writer, has long been the possessor of the most popular dog on the lot—a water spaniel named Dudley. Dudley has such winning ways that everybody on the lot invariably stops to make a fuss over him. But poor Richard has his troubles with Dudley, for people are always getting him confused with the very dignified and important actor of the same name. The other day a pompous lady telephoned, asking if Dudley Diggs was there. "No," said Richard, a little tired of the whole mistaken identity business, "He's in the garden drinking out of the fish pond." The woman slammed up the receiver in great disgust.

QUICK, the smelling salts! Adolphe Menjou, that muchly publicized best dressed male in Hollywood, arrived at a very swanky cocktail party the other afternoon in sports clothes—and completely

minus a tie. Hollywood hadn't received such a jolt since Jack Oakie appeared at the Grove in a tuxedo and a boutonniere. This is the first time Hollywood—even the oldest inhabitants—has seen Monsieur Menjou without a tie, and at first they suspected the gin was doing things to the optic nerves. But no! Is nothing sacred any more?

ON the "You're Telling Me" set the other day, W. C. Fields was up to his old tricks of telling, with dramatics, anyone who would listen, lurid tales of his travels in Africa.

"There I was," W. C. exclaimed breathlessly, "facing the tiger, and the tiger was facing me!"

"Oh, how terrible for you both," Joan Marsh interrupted, while W. C. retired to sulk.

THE Reporter's New York correspondent tells the one about Kelcey Allen and Sylvia Sidney which struck us as being no end funny. Kelcey Allen is one of New York's oldest dramatic critics and he is having trouble with one of his eyes. At a cocktail party at the Waldorf in New York he walked over to Sylvia Sidney and asked her how she managed to get a mink coat and do so well while she wasn't working. He was very much surprised at the icy glare he got—for he had mistaken her for someone else. And Sylvia, we presume, was very much surprised too. That is what you call a faux pas.

MARY CARLISLE had to celebrate her twentieth birthday in New York—and on a diet too. But her friends celebrated it in Hollywood and wired Mary the menu—all starches and sweets.

THERE'S a bear in Bing Crosby's next picture, "We're Not Dressing," which throws itself down on the floor and rolls every time Bing begins to sing. But one day, when the director inadvertently began to sing one of Bing's songs, the bear just upped and threw him down! You can't fool a bear.

JOAN BLONDELL and her husband, George Barnes, have taken up golf with a bang, and want to form a Century Club with other divot diggers. W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby are rated among the best men golfers in Hollywood. And Jean Harlow is about the best of the gals.

WHILE she was recovering in a desert resort from her recent illness Maureen O'Sullivan made a hook-rug using nearly one thousand yards of yarn.



C. Aubrey Smith, Alice Brady and Boris Karloff at the Garbo opening.

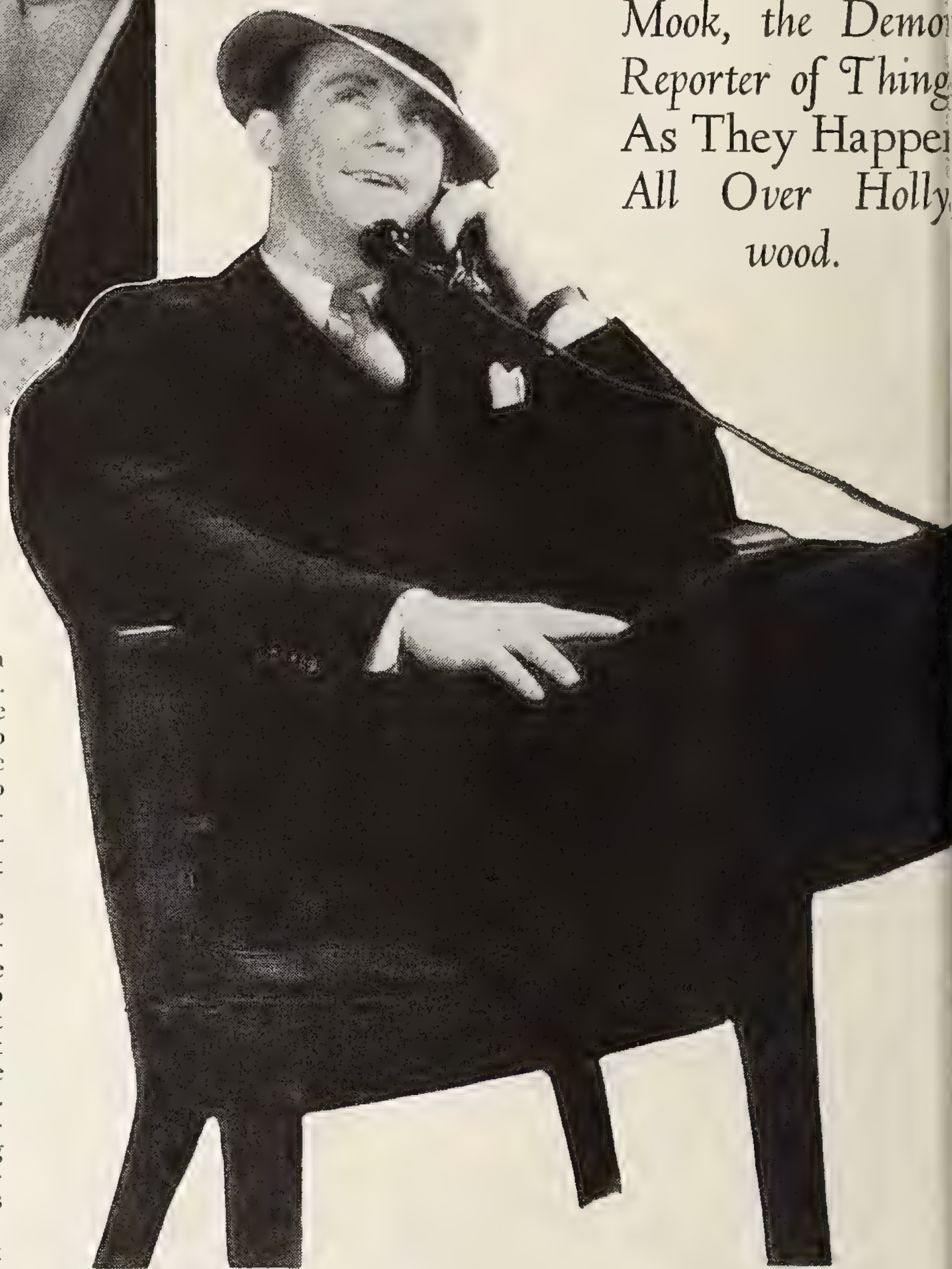
Franchot Tone gave a fine performance in "Moulin Rouge." "Sadie McKee," with Joan Crawford, is his next.



"The Show-Off"—with Madge Evans and Spencer Tracy—will reach the fans early in April.

STUDIO

The Doors of the Sacred Sound Stage Swing Wide for Mook, the Demon Reporter of Things As They Happen All Over Hollywood.



Lee Tracy, in "I'll Tell the World," plays a rapid-fire, nervy reporter. O. K. Lee, don't Mex in any more trouble.

Hap-py days are here again,
The skies above are clear again—

AND we're off to the races! New York's forgotten, the rain's coming down in torrents, everything's just ducky and life rolls along like a beautiful song in a very unexpected way.

This month we start in the middle (with Twentieth Century) and work to the outer edges—something like one of those puzzles comprised of dots, that give you a starting point and want you to draw a pencil mark through every dot and end up at a given point without repeating yourself. Of course, none of this makes sense—but nobody ever said I made sense.

Over at Twentieth Century

ONE picture shooting at the Messrs. Schenck and Zanuck's little fun factory. It's "The Firebrand," starring Constance Bennett and Fredric March, with Mr. Frank Morgan and Louis Calhern lending able support. This is the first day's shooting on the picture and everything is in confusion. Miss Bennett has been in bed with a cold, and has had to get up and bring the cold to the studio so's to start the picture.

The opening scene is in the throne room of the Duke of Florence (Mr. Morgan). There is an imitation parquet floor made of inlaid linoleum. At one end of the room is a dais with the throne on it. There is a marble table alongside the throne with some jade bottles on it, and a small chair to the left and front of the throne with a yellow satin cushion on it. Cornices over the throne, and fluted pillars, are trimmed with gold. A little to the left of the throne and behind the small chair is a long marble bench on which five of the duke's cabinet sit.

They're all sitting there, with Mr. Duke Morgan comfortably ensconced in his big chair. He looks blowsy enough for the original Stella Dallas. Sky blue hat with pale pink and blue ostrich feathers in it. His tunic is royal blue velvet and he wears more jewels on his breast than a pawnbroker's wife. His red velvet cloak is lavishly trimmed with ermine. And his silk

tights are a very pale blue.

They are just trying to decide the fate of Benvenuto Cellini (Fredric March)—not present—who, it seems, is not only the greatest goldsmith in the world but also the greatest liar and, most important, the greatest lover. He has a disconcerting habit of stealing other men's wives.

In the midst of the discussion, in marches the Duchess (Constance Bennett). And she's a vision! Never have I seen her look lovelier. A severely plain black velvet dress is relieved only by the apple-green lining of the sleeves and *paniers* of the skirt. The sleeves fall away from the arms at the elbow, and above the elbow she wears wide bands of silver leaf. A little black skull cap is set on her head and from it a huge emerald and diamond pendant drops over her forehead. Enormous diamond ear-rings hang from her ears, and about her throat she wears four strands of pearls—two of them longer than the others. From the two long strands hangs one of the largest diamond crosses ever built.

The men rise at her entrance.

"We are discussing grave matters of state, my lady," Morgan explains uneasily.

"Mine, too, is a grave matter of state, my lord," the Duchess answers, giving him her hand to kiss. "Where are the golden service plates?" she explodes sitting down on the small chair and flipping her hand-

kerchief in a most irritated manner. "Plates? Plates?" Morgan repeats in a daze.

"Your excellency," Calhern offers, "perhaps I can suggest—"

"You can suggest nothing," Morgan snaps in a fury. "Besides, it's too late. Wh-what plates are you talking about?" he adds lamely to Constance.

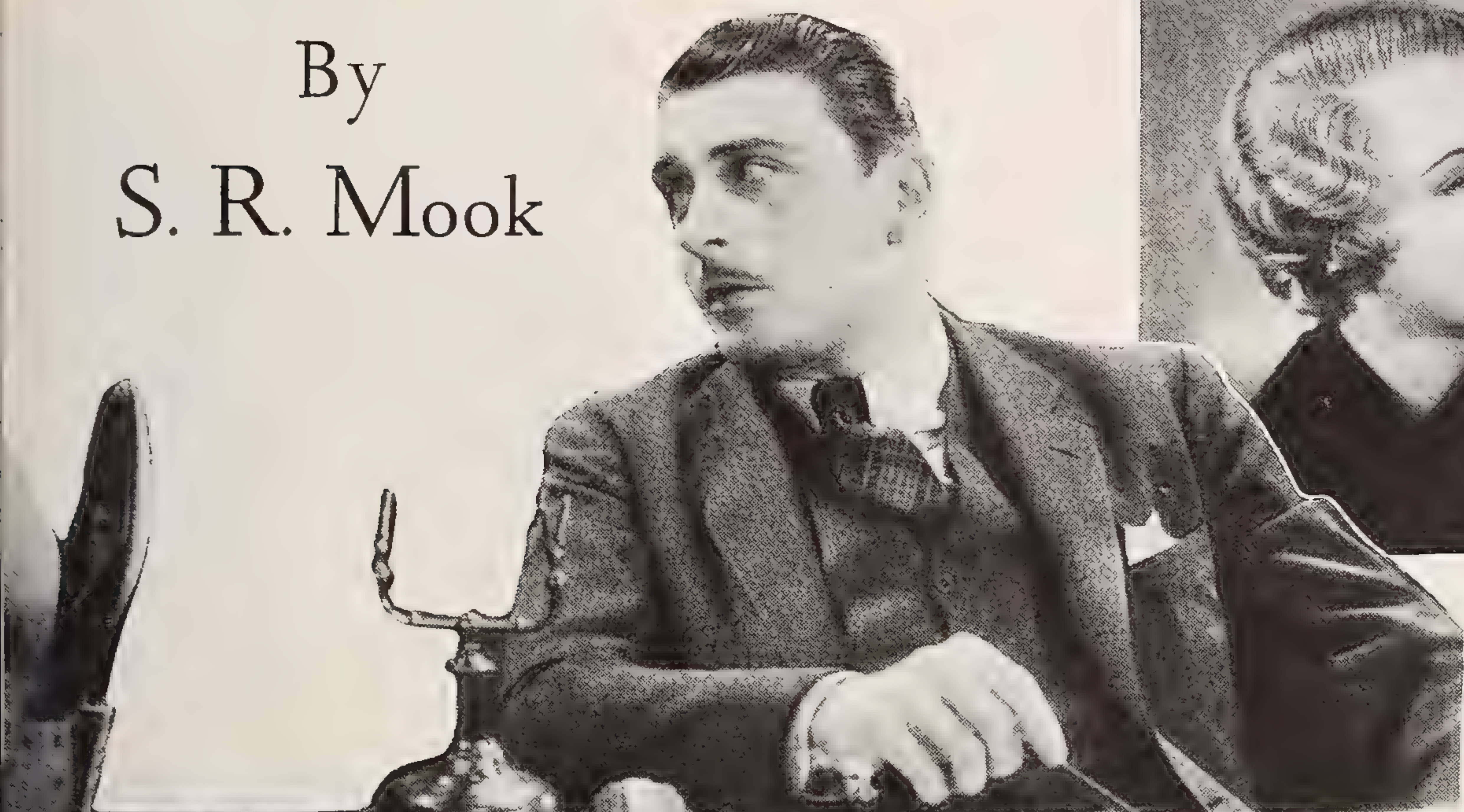
"On Monday the Duchess of Milan arrives," Constance explains patiently. "For that occasion I have ordered golden service plates."

"If my lady entrusted the commission to Cellini," Calhern informs Connie, determined to have his say, "Heaven alone knows whether they will ever be finished."

"Cellini! Cellini!" Morgan sputters. "Will I never be rid of this—this—this infernal scoun—this—this (furiously to Calhern). You shouldn't have brought this up. This

NEWS

By
S. R. Mook



These are happy days for Bill Powell and Edna Best, making "The Key" at Warner Brothers.



is not the time to discuss it."

"This is *just* the time to discuss it," Connie, who has been looking from one to the other in amazement, announces airily. "Are we to be forced to eat from troughs, like pigs, because some goldsmith neglects his duties? You should have —"

"I should have —" Morgan begins indignantly.

"Certainly you should have—," Connie cuts in on him, drowning out his words.

For a few seconds they go at it hammer and tongs, and then Morgan sees he's licked. "This is all very upsetting," he announces getting to his feet and facing the council who have been gaping open-mouthed. "Gentlemen, the council is dismissed—er—for a—a time. The Duchess and I have—we—er—we have other—well—The council is dismissed!"

I remember once Constance complained to me that she always has to carry the weight of her pictures alone, that she never had all-star casts for her pictures as other studios have provided for their stars. Well, this time she has Fredric March and Frank Morgan and, somehow, I'm just a little

fearful that when the picture is shown, although Miss Bennett may receive star billing, Mr. Morgan is going to receive the notices.

At R-K-O

THEY are making pictures over at R-K-O this month. "Of Human Bondage," with Leslie Howard, is on location and so is "Strictly Dynamite," featuring William Gargan, Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, Leila

Bennett and Marian Nixon. But they have two other pictures in the works at the studio.

One is "The Dover Road," which was a highly successful stage play about twelve years ago, and which has an interesting story in connection with its presentation. I forget which New York manager Guthrie McClintic was working for, but, whoever it was, he gave it to Guthrie and Katharine Cornell for a wedding present. It turned out to be one of the hits of that season.

It's a simple story, In London, when people are eloping, they take "The Dover Road" which leads from London to Dover, where one catches a boat to Paris—and quick divorce. On the Dover Road lives Mr. Latimer (Clive Brook), a gentleman of charm, whose hobby is preventing unhappy marriages. Reginald Owen and Diana Wynyard (who returned to Hollywood despite my lack of appreciation of her art) are

FIRST STILL of "Sadie McKee," Joan Crawford's newest picture, in which she dances again—fortunately for all of us.

eloping when their car stalls near Clive's place, and they are lured inside the grounds. To their astonishment they learn they are to be held prisoners there a week to discover the defects in each other's characters.

"How dare you hold my wife and me?" Owen rages.

[Continued on page 59]

REVIEWS

THIS MAN IS MINE

Rating: AS SMART AS KAY FRANCIS' NEW CHAPEAU—RKO

NOT since Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Alice Brady all got together for a good cry in "Should Ladies Meet," have you seen such a thoroughly smart and charming dramatic comedy as this. And as honest as a mirror, too—but with fancy trimmings, so you really won't mind the truth of it.



Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Irene Dunne in "This Man Is Mine."

Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson and Charles Starrett, and Vivian Tobin and Louis Mason are three more or less happily married young couples living in a swanky New York suburb. Irene and Ralph are doing all right except that the ghost of Connie Cummings (Ralph's former sweetie) is always between them. Finally the ghost materializes in the form of a beautiful, hateful, charming little flirt, and the worst happens. Irene is ready to get a divorce when Sidney Blackmer appears, and all difficulties are beautifully ironed out. The dialogue is clever and the situations smart and amusing, and you're bound to enjoy it tremendously.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

Rating: A FULL HOUSE AND WINS ALL—Twentieth Century

FOLLOWERS of George Arliss, and who isn't, should find this the most completely satisfying and perfect picture they have seen since "Disraeli." It's almost all George Arliss, and once more you're convinced that he is the greatest actor on the



Robert Young, Loretta Young and George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild."

screen when it comes to sheer artistry.

The story, and it's a meaty one, concerns the history of the House of Rothschild from its humble beginning in Jew Street, Frankfort, long before Napoleon upset the map of Europe, until the gala day when Nathan Rothschild is made a Baron by the English Court. George Arliss first appears as old Mayer Rothschild, father of five sons, who, on his death bed, imparts to them his scheme for a world-wide banking house, and admonishes the boys to make the world a place in which the Jews may walk in dignity and peace. From then on the picture traces the life of Nathan Rothschild (George Arliss), who has become the head of the house in England. There are many thrilling episodes all leading up to the exciting moment when Arliss promises to support the bankrupt Allies against Napoleon, and thereby bring everlasting glory to the House of Rothschild and dignity and peace to his long-suffering people.

The story is told with such a gentle homeliness and delightful humor, that, instead of being awed, you feel like hugging it to your heart. George Arliss, naturally, is magnificent. And so is Helen Westley who plays the dowager Rothschild, who never leaves Jew Street. There is a charming love story involving the lovely daughter of Nathan Rothschild, played by Loretta Young, who has never looked more beautiful, and Robert Young, an English nobleman attached to the staff of the Duke of Wellington. It's the old story of the love of a Gentile for a Jewess, and beautifully done. C. Aubrey Smith is superb as the very masculine Duke of Wellington, and Boris Karloff, as Ledrantz of Prussia, and Reginald Owen, as Metternich, are so natural you find yourself hating them. You mustn't miss this one.

GAMBLING LADY

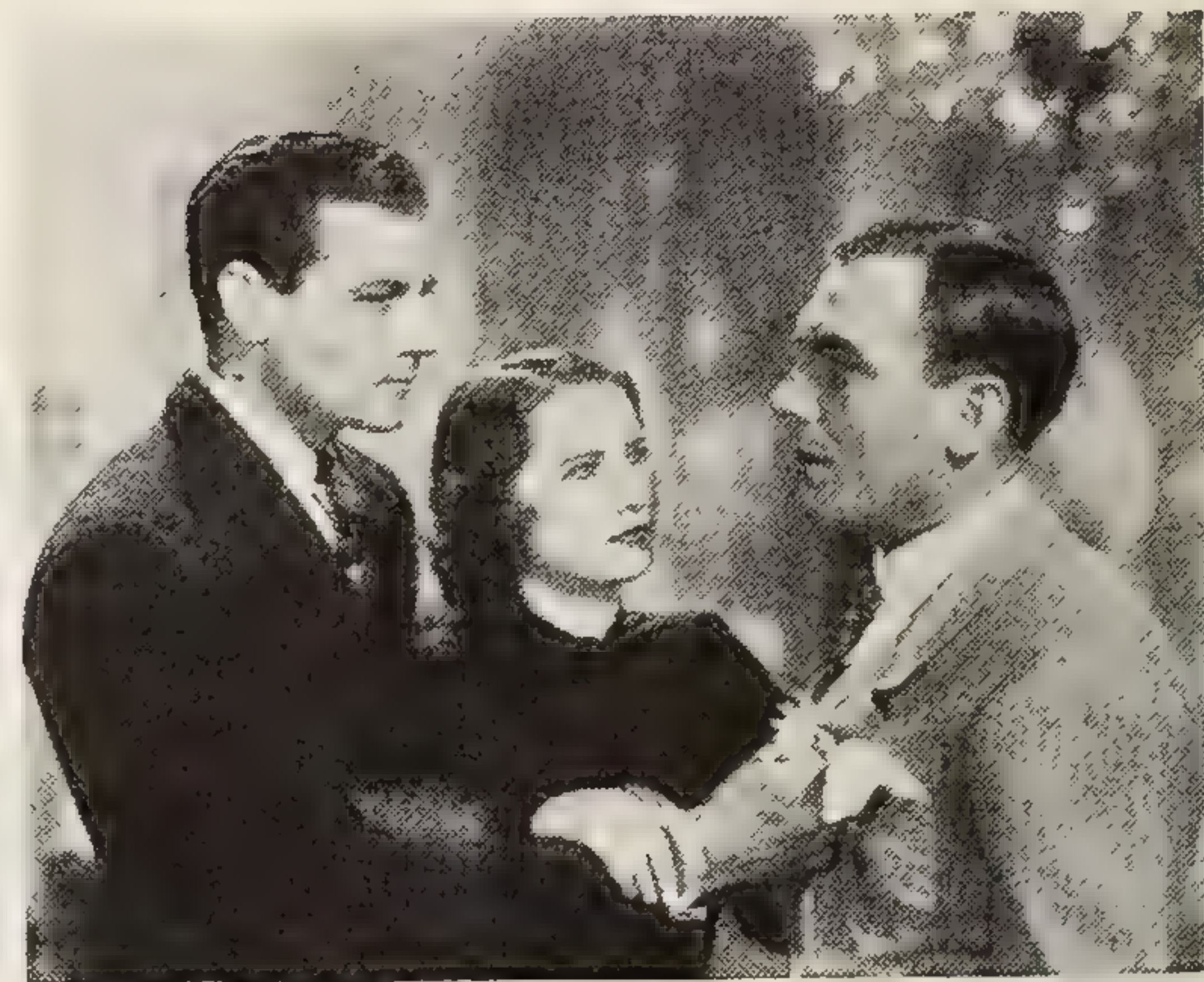
Rating: WHOOPS—A JACKPOT—Warner

YOU Barbara Stanwyck fans will certainly rally to this one, for Barbara is perfectly cast, which is something that doesn't happen every day of the month in Hollywood. Barbara plays the daughter of Square Mike, who shoots himself rather than join in with racketeers in New York's gambling syndicate. Barbara shares her father's love for honesty and fair play, and also his love for cards, and, backed by the syndicate, she proves to them that she can make money for them by playing poker with rich men without having the cards stacked.

She wins for a while—until she falls in love and marries Joel McCrea, a young Park Avenue blue-blood. Then the picture gets terribly exciting, with Claire Dodd, a former flame of Joel's, returning from Europe and all ready to fight for the man she lost, and with Pat O'Brien, Barbara's one real friend from the syndicate, getting thrown into jail and Barbara going his bond—much to the delight of the newspapers and Park Avenue.

There's a family row and Joel goes out to beat up Pat, and the next morning Pat's body is found full of lead in a dark alley. Joel is accused of murder, and there's an exciting climax, with Claire getting her inning and Barbara doing the square and noble thing. But Joel's no fool—so there's a happy ending. Barbara gets a chance to

Opinions, Frankly Expressed,
of Pictures Actually Seen.



Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck and Pat O'Brien in "Gambling Lady."

change her clothes every scene in this picture, and oh! boy, oh! boy, does Orry Kelly do right by our Barbara. She's beautiful.

COME ON MARINES

Rating: AND THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND—Paramount

THAT good-looking stalwart Dick Arlen is now a sergeant in the marine corps and my! my! how the dames do go for him. The general's all ready to make him an officer until that little dance hall floosey,



Ida Lupino and Richard Arlen in "Come On Marines."

Grace Bradley, bursts in on him during inspection, one day, demanding the return of "the flask that grandmother gave my mother for her birthday."

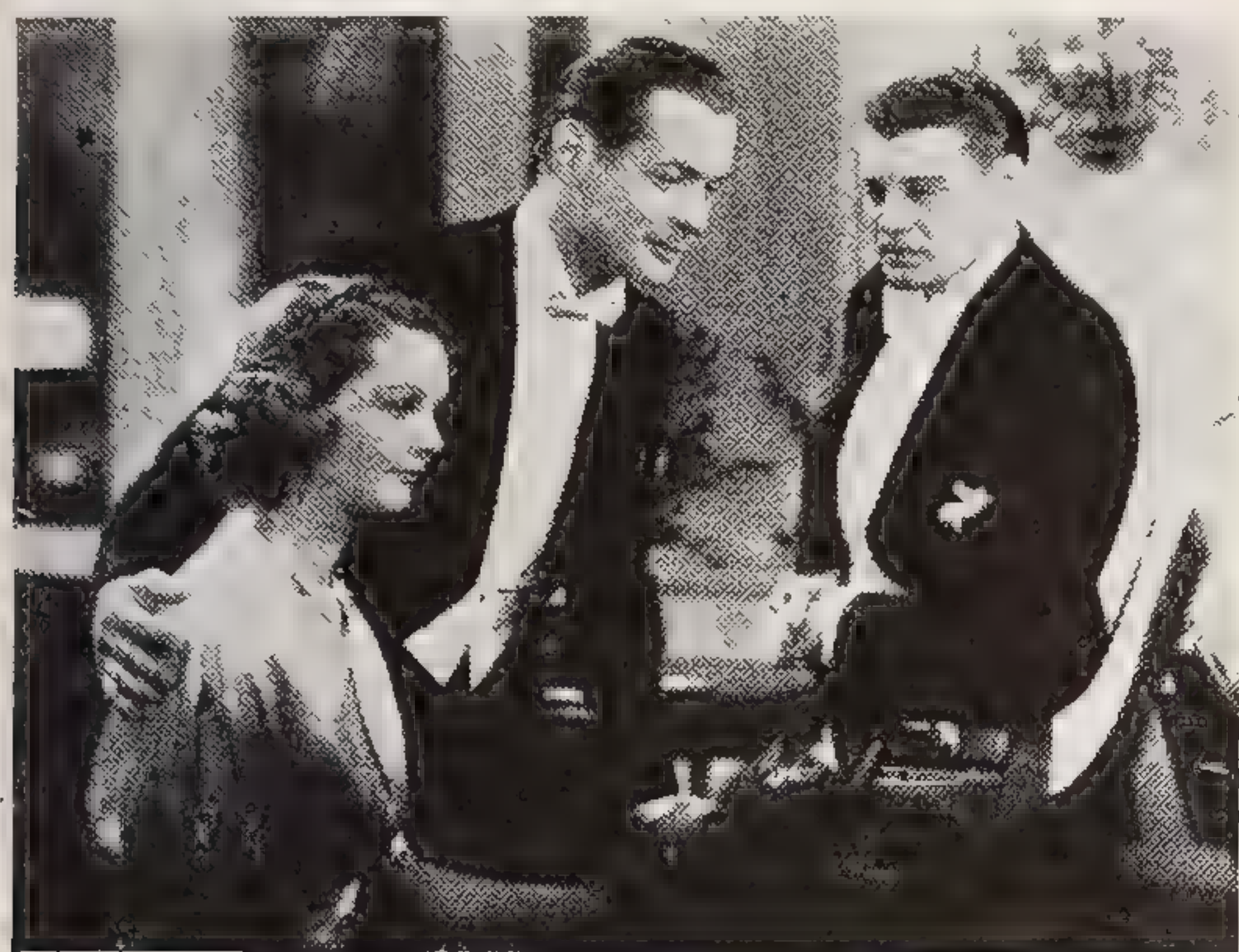
It's back to the tropics for Richard after that harassing scene, and he's sore on the female sex. But his battalion learns, via the radio, that a ship had been sunk off the coast and a boat full of children has landed on the other side of the jungle. Dick and the Marines go to the rescue.

The "children" turn out to be Ida Lupino and Toby Wing and Lona Andre—and you see it all now, don't you? Roscoe Karns, as a combination taxi driver and marine, is very funny, and a big hand goes to Grace Bradley's naughty dance called the "Tequila," which makes the rumba look like a sweet old-fashioned polka.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X

Rating: MUCH BETTER THAN MOST MYSTERIES—M-G-M

HERE'S one of those fifty-fifty murder mysteries, where you are in a fog about half of it and the police are in a fog about the other half—but you know what the police don't know. Confusing? Not at all—but take this gal's advice and arrange to see it from the beginning just in case a lot of murdered policemen might bewilder you.



Elizabeth Allan, Robert Montgomery and Ralph Forbes in "The Mystery of Mr. X."

It's that mysterious Mr. X who goes in for murdering cops, and Scotland Yard decides that Mr. X is none other than our old friend Robert Montgomery, the most charming of the diamond thieves. And in order to prove that he isn't the murderous Mr. X, handsome Bob has to capture Mr. X himself.

Exciting? You bet! Bob gives a first rate performance of a delightful crook and there's a swell cast including Elizabeth Allan, Forrester Harvey, Ralph Forbes, Lewis Stone and Ivan Simpson. You old mystery story addicts will gobble it up.

WHARF ANGEL

Rating: THE WATER-FRONT AGAIN—AND A BIT WET—Paramount

THE story is rather weakish in this one but the photography and atmosphere are superb. If you have a yen for waterfronts dunked in fog, you'll go for the settings in a big way.

The story's about a big two-fisted he-man (Preston Foster) who preaches tolerance and brotherly love as he practices his trade along the San Francisco wharves. Victor McLaglen is a big two-fisted stoker and, after he helps Preston escape the cops, the two become fast friends. Until they both discover that they are in love with the same girl—Dorothy Dell—a damsel who hangs around Alison Skipworth's colorful dive. Skippy, as Mother Bright, is the best thing in the picture.



Dorothy Dell, Alison Skipworth and Victor McLaglen in "Wharf Angel."

SPITFIRE

Rating: WEIRD BUT INTRIGUING—RKO

THE long awaited "Trigger," which came out finally as "Spitfire," has restored Katharine Hepburn to her high place. Let Broadway critics try to tell you that Katie is not one of the greatest actresses that was ever screened, and we will smile indulgently upon them. They just do not know.

The play itself is very slight and no one can say that Katharine wins back because of the great story interest. However, such as it is, it gives Hepburn just the opportunity that her strange ability requires. She has always been able to create visions of compelling reality. In "Morning Glory" she saw a vision of herself as great, and she succeeded in making us see it, too. In "Spitfire," as a mountain girl, uncouth, awkward and poorly dressed, she again fashions, with her wonderful power, a character convincing and beautiful. Her religious ecstasy is her daily ordinary thought and before she is through with you, you almost hear the swish of the wings of angels. "Could you have saved the baby with prayer?" asks Ralph Belamy. "Yessir," says Hepburn, "Ef you prayed hard enough and was good enough."

A very entertaining, powerful, uplifting picture.



Robert Young and Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire."

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Rating: ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT—London Films

THIS English film is remarkable for the Viennese actress, Elizabeth Bergner. She appears at the court of the great Empress Elizabeth to be married to the Grand Duke Peter, who is an unbalanced person, admirably played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They meet accidentally (shades of Christina) and fall in love.

Peter, however, is haunted by the fear that no one can love him for himself, and so grows suspicious of the Princess (Bergner). They wed, but he subjects her to jealous bickerings and finally all the nobles plead for Catherine to take the throne. She professes great love for Peter and, while she takes his throne away from him, does so for the good of Russia. There is no reason under the sun why she should not hate him thoroughly, for private reasons, and take his throne from him—anyway she gets it and Peter is killed.

The picture is only Bergner. She is a

strange person, who, in appearance, is not at all like any movie star. She has a gift of sympathy, or rather she commands sympathy. Her voice is quite wonderful.

As far as the American screen is concerned, the more we have of Bergner the better it will be.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great."

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE

Rating: BUT NOT TOO SUCCESSFUL—RKO

HERE'S Doug Jr.'s first Hollywood-made picture since he departed for England and English pictures about a year ago, when the Missus decided to divorce him. Unfortunately Doug returns to us in a very preachy story, but his acting far surpasses the film and proves that Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward haven't hurt his histrionic ability at all. Doug plays a young man, brother of a slain gangster, who is consumed with an insane passion to make money—money—money. And not just little dimes and quarters but millions. He gains his power and money by every unethical manner known to Big Business, with doublecrosses that would make a gangster blush. And then when he's right on top he finds that he is the most unhappy man in the world. Giving splendid performances in this modern morality play are Genevieve Tobin, Colleen Moore, and Frank Morgan.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Genevieve Tobin in "Success At Any Price."

NO GREATER GLORY

Rating: UNUSUAL AND CHARMING—AND THE TEARS DO FLOW—Columbia

HERE'S the picture version of Ferenc Molnar's charming "boy" story, originally called "The Paul Street Boys." And it loses none of its beauty, its pathos and quiet humor as directed by Hollywood's famous tear-behind-the-smile director, Frank Borzage.

The story is laid in a European city, but it might just as well be an American city. The school boys in town are divided into two "secret societies," known as the Paul Street Boys and the Red Shirts, and the bone of contention is a vacant lot. The story goes on to relate in a beautiful, quiet manner how little George Breakston sacrifices his life for honor and loyalty, and bravely dies on the field of battle—the vacant lot the boys are fighting over.



Ralph Morgan, George Breakston and Lois Wilson in "No Greater Glory."

It's terribly sad, but you'll love it, unless, of course, you're the type who just must have your sex served up with a Busby Berkeley ensemble. There's not one little iota of sex in this entire picture. George Breakston, sort of a miniature Sterling Holloway, is a fine little actor and walks off with all the honors in his first picture. He was "discovered" by Frank Borzage, one day, when he was visiting his mother who works in the wardrobe department at Columbia.

Jimmy Butler, a handsome lad, plays the "General" of the Paul Street Boys, and Frankie Darro is the leader of the "enemy." Jackie Searle gives a good performance as the "traitor," who asks for another chance and gets it. Lois Wilson and Ralph Morgan play the poor parents of little George. Whether you like this picture or not will all depend on you.

WONDER BAR

Rating: BRILLIANT AND SPARKLING AS ICE FROM TIFFANY'S—Warner Bros.

EVERY flattering, sensational adjective you can think up describes "Wonder Bar." It's all that and then some. We're exaggerating? Huh, see for yourself. There's one of the greatest casts ever assembled in movie history, an exciting story in a furiously fascinating background, swell gags and comedy, and a musical sequence called "nigger heaven" (in the manner of "Green Pastures") which is about the cleverest thing you've ever seen on any screen.

The story's about the happenings one night in Paris' most exciting night club, the exclusive "Wonder Bar." Al Jolson is the likeable proprietor and master of ceremonies, with a shy secret love for the in-



Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio in "Wonder Bar."

toxicating Dolores Del Rio who plays Inez, the dancer, an exotic of the exotics. But Inez is madly in love with her dancing partner, Ricardo Cortez, the gigolo of the "Wonder Bar" who is carrying on an affair with Kay Francis, the beautiful wife of the wealthiest man in Paris.

When Dolores, crazed by her love, learns that Ricardo is planning to run away with the rich Kay Francis, she stabs him during their famous "Gauche" dance (which little number is thrilling enough by itself for one picture). It is Al who cleverly disposes of the body without anyone being the wiser—but it is Dick Powell, the orchestra leader, to whom Dolores turns in her grief. Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert, a couple of nuts and bolts manufacturers from America, who are desperately trying to shake their wives, are terrifically funny. Not to mention Louise Fazenda and Ruth Donnelly as the wives—who have a few ideas about Paris too. Oh, see it yourself, and join us in the raves.

REGISTERED NURSE

Rating: CONTINUING THE RUN IN DOCTORS—Warner Brothers

THE hospital drama is still in its heyday. Ella, smell that ether. This time Bebe Daniels is a former nurse whose husband becomes insane following an automobile accident. She returns to her profession, and so capable and efficient and human is she that all the patients and doctors in the hospital fall in love with her. The picture has its exciting moments. In the cast are Lyle Talbot, John Halliday and Gordon Westcott—and Minna Gombell, who walks away with the comedy.



Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot in "Registered Nurse."

SHE MADE HER BED

Rating: THRILLING—Paramount

WELL, folks, here we are at the Pomono County Fair, way out in southern California. Sally Eilers and her husband, Robert Armstrong—who fancies himself quite a sheik among the ladies—run an auto camp near the Fair Grounds, and all the country folks for miles around pile in for the Fair.

There's Richard Arlen, the clean-cut young medicine man, and Grace Bradley, who likes anything in pants, and a lot of other people who don't matter. Dick falls for Sally in a nice way and Bob falls for Grace in a bad way and we just know something has to be done about Bob so's Dick and Sally can get married.

Sure enough, in the last reel Bob's tiger cat escapes, and is making it for Sally's baby (whom Sally tucks away in the ice-box), and a fire starts, and the tiger attacks Bob and the baby is saved. And, thank goodness, Dick and Sally can now get married. The baby is Richard Arlen, Jr., and as cute a little kid as you've ever seen. His first picture, but not his last.



Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen and Richard Arlen, Jr., in "She Made Her Bed."

SING AND LIKE IT

Rating: AND YOU'LL LIKE IT TOO—RKO

HERE'S a mirthquake for you. Nothing arty or subtle—just good old riotous fun that would even bring a smile to the face of sourface Ned Sparks. Ned, by the way, plays a guy named "Toots" in this picture, the first assistant to Nat Pendleton, the biggest "snatch" king in America (kidnapper to youse.)

Nat's got a heart of stone and a penthouse, and a dizzy dame, Pert Kelton, nuts about him. But, one night, while he and his gang are pulling off a little job, he hears ZaSu Pitts singing a touching little number about "Who's-your-best-friend—your MOTHER" in the Union Bank's Little Theatre Guild's rehearsal hall. It gets him.

So Nat decides to star ZaSu, most appropriately named Annie Snodgrass (or Snoddygrass, as Pert calls her), in a musical show on Broadway.

And, using the "Do it—or else—" policy, he persuades Edward Everett Horton, Broadway's Mad Genius, to fire his leading lady and give poor bewildered, stage-struck ZaSu the part. Of course, the play and the star "stink" (theatrical parlance), but as the critics are all surrounded by gunmen, who prod rods into their ribs and continually demand that they laugh, Annie Snodgrass' first night is sensational.

There's a hilarious kidnapping scene, wherein a rank amateur makes a sap out of Nat. And there's a scene where Horton eats his shirt, which is a scream. The lines are clever, especially those of Ned Sparks, and you'll miss the laugh of the century if you miss this.

How Barbara Stanwyck keeps stockings smooth-fitting — cuts down Runs

This Hollywood method will work for YOU

Smooth-fitting stockings that cling to your legs are a delicious bit of flattery any girl can win for herself just as the Hollywood stars do.

Lux care for stockings saves the elasticity they have when new. Then stockings can give under strain, spring right back without breaking. That's why Lux keeps stockings perfect in fit . . . cuts down runs, too!

In fact, Hollywood uses Lux for

all lovely washable things. Barbara Stanwyck says: "My maid uses Lux for all my washable things—sweaters, blouses, dresses, negligees, stockings, too. It's so safe—and it keeps things like new twice as long."

Hollywood's 2-minute way to keep stockings lovely

Lux stockings after every wearing. Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali or rubbing with cake soap. These things ruin elasticity . . . stockings get baggy, wrinkle easily . . . the least strain may start a run. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Bros. star of "Gambling Lady," says: "I couldn't get along without Lux! Colors come out perfectly—like new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios



"We use Lux in this wardrobe department," says N'Was McKenzie, (right) wardrobe director at Warner Bros.-First National Studios, "because it keeps stockings and costumes new longer. They look swell! Lux cuts down cleaning bills, too. As a means of saving real cash, it would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

AS THE EARTH TURNS

Rating: SOME PUMPKINS—Warners

IF YOU are a "Down Easter" you will have to see this picture, which tells so eloquently the story of the changing seasons and the changing persons on a group of farms in the State of Maine. There are city men who feel the call of the soil, and for them this picture will have a clear message, and then there are the boys who left the milk pails and the peach tree blossoms and who came away to make their way in the world, and they too, will experience a reminiscent joy in this delightfully presented year among the farmers.

Jean Muir heads the cast and gives us a living breathing girl of the New England countryside. The rest of the cast is well selected and give convincing performances. Mention must be made of Sarah Padden, as the wife of the tailor who tries farming, and Dorothy Appleby, who sexes the thing up a little.

Some like the country and some do not, and that is the theme of this charming picture which gives you a vacation in old New England and an introduction to a group as real as red apples.

Here you will find farmers who are not b'gosh comics—women who make butter and love their babies—and, under all, the grandeur of Nature's poetry of Winter, Spring, Summer and the Harvest Time.

A farm picture without the usual crop of Hokum.



Egon Brecher, Donald Woods, Sarah Padden, Jean Muir and William Janney in "As the Earth Turns."

THE SHOW-OFF

Rating: GOOD CLEAN FUN—M-G-M

HERE'S a new love team for you, Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans, who play so beautifully and naturally together that if you didn't know about Loretta Young and Tom Gallery you'd begin to suspect things. So, it must be acting—but it's darned good.



Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans in "The Show-Off."

Spencer is perfect as the smart-aleck, but likeable young man who gets himself into all kinds of difficulties simply because he can never resist a chance to brag and show off. One day, while he's cruising around in a snappy car which he has out on approval, he meets Madge Evans who falls completely for his line of chatter—but, oh! what a pain in the neck he is to Madge's ma and pa, played by Clara Blandick and Grant Mitchell.

Spencer and Madge get married and take their honeymoon on the Albany Night Boat (though he had told everyone that they were going on a Mediterranean cruise) and soon Madge discovers that her husband's gift of gab isn't as pleasant to everyone as it is to her. There are family fights and reconciliations, and it's a swell lot of fun, with a freak ending that leaves everybody happy.

The scene in which Madge tells the irresponsible Spencer that she can't go on living with him any longer is one of the most beautifully done things you've seen in a long time.



Jean Parker and Robert Young in "Lazy River."

LAZY RIVER

Rating: LOTS OF FUN—M-G-M

HERE'S a grand little picture with much more plot than you generally meet out these nights, and with some swell humor contributed by Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton that will have you chortling all over the place.

Robert Young plays a good boy, gone bad temporarily, who's serving time in a jail down in Louisiana, where he meets Ted and Nat, who can make a wall safe open by just looking at it. Out of jail, Bob decides to blackmail the wealthy family of one of his prison mates, who got killed in a prison break. But when he arrives in the little Louisiana parish (where the only business is catching shrimp) he finds that the wealthy family isn't wealthy at all—but just on the point of being thrown out of their home and little store by the landlord, Sam Kee, a wicked half-breed Chinaman, played by C. Henry Gordon.

In the meantime Bob has fallen hard for Jean Parker, his prison mate's sister, so he promptly forgets all about his blackmail ideas and goes to work to help Jean and her mother save their home.

Ted and Nat appear, just about then, and get all tangled up with Sam Kee and his Chinese girls and his ruffian sailors, and a swell time is had by all. There's lots more plot—but you ought to see it for yourself.

BOOK WORM!

ALICE BRADY plays the zither—but so far as we know that's the only vice she has. However, we watched her read a detective story magazine (her favorite form of reading) on the set one day and were quite intrigued when we saw her tearing out the pages after she read them. "That's the only way I can keep my place," she explained. Efficient but not neat!

The Busy Mr. Cortez [Continued from page 21]

want a wife who makes more money than I do; I don't want a wife who makes money at all.

"When my wife asks me for a new car I want to be able to tell her that I can't afford it—and then surprise her with it on her birthday. But, if I told a Hollywood wife I couldn't afford a new car for her, she would buy two for herself the next day just to tell me off. No, doc, it's the life of single blessedness for me. I remember telling the doctor all this just about a year ago—so naturally when I did fall in love with Chris he was the very first one I told about it. Chris is all I could ask in a wife. Thank heavens, she is quite content to be Mrs. Ricardo Cortez and doesn't want a career. And, by the way, she confessed to me last week that I was her favorite screen actor long

before she met me. And I still am."

When you see "Wonder Bar" you'll notice quite a glow about Mrs. Cortez' favorite actor. The picture was made during the courtship and, although Ric has to play a professional gigolo and crook, you can just see romance sticking out all over him. You can readily understand why those lovely luscious ladies, Kay Francis and Dolores Del Rio, would go simply goofy over him—in the picture. The minute "Wonder Bar" was in the can, and Ric could get a vacation, he and Chris dashed off to Phoenix, Arizona (which hadn't had a screen wedding since Joan Blondell and George Barnes married there last January a year ago), and had the knot tied at the Biltmore Hotel before a sheriff—by request, if you please. Then they went to New York, where both their fami-

lies live, and what a mad breathless time they had—with everything happening from a taxi strike to a blizzard.

Ric's two best pals in Hollywood are Gene Markey, screen writer and husband of Joan Bennett, and Gene Fowler, famous author. Before Ric's wedding Gene Markey decided to throw a shower for Ric—which shower was the talk of the town for days. It was the first time in history—so Gene said—that a shower had ever been given for the prospective bridegroom instead of the bride, and, as it was strictly a stag affair at the Markey home, you can just imagine what some of the presents and gags were. Not for publication, Ella. However, there was one hilarious moment when a huge ham arrived with a card on it reading, "From one ham to another—Al Jolson." That's about all Ric, being a

gentleman, will tell us dames about the party.

During my talk with Cortez he made a classic remark which pleased me no end, and which I hereby repeat. "I have no swimming pool," said Ric, "but I pay my water bill." That, in a nutshell, is Ricardo Cortez. No swank, no *chi chi*, no hifalutin' airs. He lives within his means and he doesn't try to impress Hollywood. Acting is his business, and he conducts it with efficiency just like he would any other kind of business. He's a source of joy to the publicity boys because when he makes a date for an interview he is right there.

The day I was to meet him in the Warner Brothers' Green Room for luncheon he was about five minutes late—he had run into Gene Markey and just had to take the time to show him Gene Fowler's new book, personally autographed. He was the most apologetic screen person I have ever seen. You'd think he had broken at least six of the Ten Commandments and the Hays' Code besides. Five minutes—poof!—I once waited five months for Janet Gaynor and this is going on five years I've waited for Clara Bow. Five minutes!

He was very touched in New York when a young press agent, detailed by the head office to make interview appointments for him, sort of broke down and stammered, "I never liked Hollywood actors, Mr. Cortez. I work hard to get 'em interviews with the press and then, half the time, they are hours late keeping their appointments, or don't bother to show up at all. The newspapers get sore and I have a helluva time trying to keep everybody happy. But you've kept every appointment right on time, and I think you're swell." Well, of course, after that Ric couldn't refuse to make a personal appearance at the Press Photographers' Ball at the Commodore (though several visiting Hollywood stars did refuse) where it was unanimously decided that "he's a jolly good fellow."

Of course, now, I wouldn't have you believe that Ric has utterly survived the taint of Hollywood. He is a bit insane and vague at times. There was the night he rushed across the lobby of a theatre after a preview to ask a young fan writer how his mother was—and then vaguely dashed off without even waiting to hear. And, to be sure, he did get his share of the blame when Joan Crawford and Doug. Jr., decided to separate. Almost every night, for a couple of months there, Joan and Ric and the gardenias went dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, so naturally people did think things. But Ric swears—and it happens to be the truth—that he was doing his best to bring about a reconciliation between the young Fairbanks. Anyway, one of his cherished possessions is a picture of Joan which says, "To Ric—One of the finest friends I have—Joan."

Oh yes, now you've got to have the "loyalty" anecdote. Thought you'd escape it, didn't you, but you don't know us fan writers. When Ric, bored with looking at the walls and pictures of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, decided that he would take a suite and have it decorated tastefully, he called in Bill Haines to do the job. Simply because, when he was first starting in pictures, he needed a dress suit to play a "bit" once and he didn't have any money with which to buy one, so Bill Haines loaned him a dress suit. Knowing Bill's charges as I do I think it was quite a ducky price to pay for the loan of a dress suit.

WELL, Greta says she tanks she'll go home again unless she can have Rouben Mamoulian for her next picture, "The Painted Veil." But it seems Mamoulian is under contract to Sam Goldwyn for Anna Sten's next picture. We're betting on Greta.

Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair
is **TOO OILY** or **TOO DRY**



A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment given below.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



Another version of the "back to charm" movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wispy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment suggested in this column.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair

Marriage—Just a Love Episode [Continued from page 23]

as friends, enjoying the mental companionship which they have learned to appreciate. Sally Eilers and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, are seen often in the same group with Hoot Gibson and the soon-to-be Mrs. Gibson. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna are pals—friends who respect one another. Austin Parker advises Miriam Hopkins about the rearing of her adopted youngster. I was at his home when she telephoned to ask him to hurry over to see what the baby was doing *that moment*.

Wise people have claimed, for many years, that when the first bloom of marriage pales, married people must develop friendship as the true basis for *remaining* married. Hollywood has gone a step further. Our actresses and actors are showing, day by day, that a deep friendship may be developed from separation and divorce. They are showing a world, which has long been muddled about it, that marriage may be an *interlude* in life but a profitable interlude resulting in beauty rather than ugliness.

I cherish a memory of Joan Crawford. She was sitting in her dressing room waiting for Franchot Tone. I asked her about Douglas. Her eyes lighted—as though I had accidentally touched a match to two candles. “We have found friendship. I am so happy about Douglas. We see each other, of course. He likes Franchot. Franchot likes him—”

Out of marriage they found the friendship which world philosophers claim must come in marriage, if it is to be everlasting. Perhaps, in another marriage, Joan may find the same friendship with another. Then, she will have two true friends. If she does, I know she will feel that the interlude with Douglas was as worthwhile as the permanence with, shall we say Franchot?

“Suffer?” Joan cried. “Of course, I suffered! I didn’t think I could live. I thought I *must* die. But now? Now, we are both happy.”

And Miriam Hopkins told me, “It’s the little things in marriage which count. At least, with me. Oh, the way a person wears a tie. The way he lights his cigarette—and yours. Intimacy shows up the little things. The big things—you can forgive those. You expect to forgive big things. You almost wish for the opportunity to prove you can do it. I would be willing to live in a shack in the desert without anything *but* love, if the little things were right. Or a man could commit murder or be unfaithful. Love would enjoy overcoming those things. But if little mannerisms annoy—and you have to live with them, day in and day out, it is dreadful! But those little things don’t count in friendship. There, you have only the big things—”

And she and Austin Parker are true friends!

I talked with Kay Francis shortly before she went to New York. Indeed, she had no thought of a separation from Kenneth MacKenna, then. She was emphatic in her statements that they would not allow gossiping friends, work that interfered with individual plans, the necessity of long separations, etc., to interfere with their marriage. “Nothing will spoil the fine respect and friendship that we have—” And then, in New York, the separation. When I read of it, I remembered those words, “Nothing will spoil our friendship—” And I know that if those obstacles she mentioned did threaten that friendship, they chose divorce so that they might retain the joy of friendship.

“Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is returning to



Irving Thalberg with Gloria Swanson, who is probably going to do a picture for him. She is first making a tour “in person.”

Hollywood.” When I read that headline, recently, I sat and thought about Mary and Doug. No love has been more beautiful; no separation more difficult. And yet it is no secret that Mary and Douglas had been living upon the threads of that love for several years. Instead of discarding it when it began to wear, they clung desperately to the frayed pieces. Especially Mary. Pride. Hope. Fear. Disillusion. All these very human qualities kept those two from facing each other and saying: “Since we cannot be friends *in* marriage, let us be friends *out* of it.”

But when he returns? Ah, Hollywood is betting upon them. They have been our leaders for so long. They will continue to lead. They will not discard that great respect that they must have for each other. They will find a new basis for their relationship, just as the young Fairbanks’ have done. And we will be reading, “Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks lunched together, yesterday. Both looked radiantly happy!” Even as we are now reading those lines about Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, and others.

I had spent almost an entire day with Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer in their luxurious suite in London. They had been in Europe for months; I had just arrived. Just as I was leaving the room, Gloria said, “But you haven’t told me anything about Connie Bennett and the Marquis.” I looked my surprise. “But I thought it would be tactless—” Gloria laughed; Michael joined her. “You mean because of the publicity that I am supposed to hate them? That is ridiculous. Of course I don’t. They are both grand. Michael and I wish them good luck. He’s a charming—”

She was so natural as to prove sincerity. She was still a friend of her ex-husband’s. She told me, later, that she always conferred with Mr. Somborn, her second husband, about their daughter. While he lived, he and little Gloria’s mother worked out the problems concerning the child, as friends. And no one mourned his death more than Gloria Swanson. She had lost a true friend—a greater loss, often, than that of a husband.

To build towards a friendship through marriage is not an easy accomplishment. Hurt pride, selfishness, jealousy—nearly all of the injurious emotions of life—must be forgotten or conquered. You have read of Lupe’s and Johnny’s recent battle. I say “recent” because it is, by no means, their

first. It is one of many. Bitter arguments—yet no more bitter than those that tore at the beauty of the love between Joan and Doug, Miriam and Austin and all of the others. Only Lupe and Johnny are just now going through that first stage of love which we all must endure. The stage of the battle for possession.

Side by side with the thought, “Until death do us part,” comes that contradictory emotion, “*She or he is all mine. Now, I possess her or him.*” Love’s greatest pride seems to be in that feeling of absolute possession. And when love discovers that it can never quite possess *all* of a person...

Lupe and Johnny fought, first, about dogs. Eventually, Lupe gave away all six of her pets—pets she loved before she met Johnny. She kept only those he had given her. As a friend, Johnny had not objected to the dogs, or if he had—he had kept silent. But as a husband—

The second battle was about the fights. They chose different favorites. And Lupe could not have Johnny yelling for someone she wanted to see defeated.

Little things, yes! Things that would not matter to friends. But to love... to that egotistical sense of possession...

And if these two cannot learn to grant the rights of friendship to each other in marriage, they will separate and grant those rights through divorce.

These Hollywood folk are business people. Their emotions reach out to an entire world. And most of them realize it. They appreciate, as few people do, that to waste emotion, such as hatred and jealousy and pain and false pride, is to invite ruin. If Lupe and Johnny find they are wasting too much on marriage, they will face the issue squarely, and eventually smile frankly at each other, across a neutral luncheon table. One will say: “Well, it’s been a nice interlude. We were honest in our love. Let’s be honest in our separation. Let us save what we can. Let’s make this count for something. Let us be friends. Real friends—”

And, perhaps, if more young people would realize that Hollywood does not take its marriages and divorces lightly but *sav- ingly*, they would appreciate a new viewpoint:

Marriage is neither the beginning nor the end of life—neither the heaven nor hell. It is a great experiment, which may prove to be just an interlude—but one which *gives* to life rather than *subtracts* from it!

STUDIO NEWS

[Continued from page 51]

"No, no, not your wife," Clive admonishes, shaking his head.

"How dare you?" Owen yells, jumping to his feet.

"Oh, Leonard, what's the good?" Wynyard expostulates. "We aren't ashamed of it, are we?"

"Leonard, you aren't ashamed of it, are you?" Clive mocks.

"I object to this interference in my private affairs by a—" Reginald begins.

"Yes, yes," Clive agrees, "but you've said all that before. It's interfering of me—cursedly interfering—but I am doing it because I want you both to be happy."

"I can look after my own happiness, thank you," Reg snaps.

"And this lady's?" Clive persists.

"I am not a child," says Diana directly to Clive. "Do you think I haven't thought? The scandal, the good name I am going to lose, the position of that other woman? I have thought of all those things."

You've probably guessed by this time that the final reel finds Clive looking after Diana's happiness.

This is my favorite set of the month. The living room is carpeted with a bright red rug. In a kind of alcove is the fireplace, on either side of which is heavy wainscoting reaching three-fourths of the way to the ceiling. It has the most unusual mantelpiece ever seen on a set. It is of imitation carved stone and has no shelf.

Clive Brook has one of the most delightful senses of humor I've encountered and I always get a boot out of talking with him. But he can never remember me from one meeting to the next and repeated introductions always embarrass me, so I just skip him.

Next door, although in the rain it seems a mile, is "Stingaree," hopefully described by the studio as "the story of a great love between a Robin Hood rogue and a servant girl." There you have it.

Richard Dix is Stingaree Robin Hood and Irene Dunne is the little gal with the heart and soul of a lady—to say nothing of the voice of a great opera star.

Dix, although apparently reared in luxury, has for some reason—not explained in the picture—migrated to Australia where, in the late seventies, he became the terror of all Australia for his plundering and pillaging.

Irene lives with wealthy relatives—Henry Stephenson and Mary Boland. Mary is laboring under delusions that she would make a GREAT prima donna so, at a terrific expense, she is importing Conway Tearle, an impresario from London, to give her an audition. Just why she didn't go to him is one of the things you'll have to find out from the R-K-O script department—if you can. Irene has it all figured out that when Conway arrives *she'll* get him to listen to her, too. But Mary figures differently. She's taking no chances, that one. She's going to send Irene away.

But Fate interferes. Dix decides to kidnap Conway, assume his clothes and rob the wealthy Bolands when he gets in their home.

Tearle and Dix have just met in an Australian barroom. The walls are rough plaster and rough wooden beams support the ceiling. A large rough fireplace takes up almost a whole side of the room. Pewter and rough china plates stand on top of it. Small tables and chairs are scattered

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart...*but in your head!*"



IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE



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somebody
would
tell
her!



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about for the paying customers—if any. Opposite the fireplace is a door leading outside. Over the door is a goat's horn, a sheep's horn and a stuffed fish mounted on a plaque. At the far end of the room is the bar.

Directly in front of the fireplace is a long narrow bench. Dix is straddling it and Tearle is resting one foot on it. They've just met but Dix is even now starting the kidnapping, for Andy Devine (one of Dix's henchmen), with a full growth of beard on his face and disguised in a parson's outfit, is loitering about. Just beyond the bench, at one of the tables, two Australian officers are seated.

They rehearse the scene once but Director Wild Bill Wellman is not pleased. There's a reference in the script to Green Park. "Where is Green Park?" he demands of the technical adviser.

"There's a Hyde Park," the T. A. admits doubtfully.

"There's a Green Park, too," screams Bill. He always screams when anyone crosses him. "I lay drunk in it once during the war," he adds. Well, a man ought to know where he's lain drunk.

But Bill isn't through directing yet. "Hey, you cops," he bellows at the two officers, "when we're shooting this scene you quit looking around, trying to get your mugs in the camera. You hear me? All right, let's try it."

Dix is in tan riding breeches, a reddish brown rough wool coat, boots, etc. Tearle is dressed in the mode of that period. He has on a brown checked suit, piped in darker brown.

The prop boy comes and hands them each a glass containing something that looks like liquor and tastes like panther juice.

"Your country, sir," Tearle offers politely.

"Our country," Dix corrects him.

"Oh—you're from England?" Conway is sure there with the snappy comeback. "I wonder if you're missing London as thoroughly as I am at this moment?"

"Every moment," says Rich and goes on eagerly: "Tell me—is it all still there? Covent Garden? The violets, wet with rain, in Trafalgar Square. The girls walking Piccadilly—Sunset in Green Park—Guffanti's in Soho—the Thames running so *reluctantly* to the sea—like an Englishman leaving home?"

"You *are* homesick," Tearle rejoins.

There's a lot more of the same kind of chatter but as it's just stuck in so that they'll get well enough acquainted for Dix to kidnap Conway, we'll skip it. I can write better myself.

"Say," Andy Devine wonders when the scene is finally finished, "have you seen Dick and Joby Arlen lately?" Before I can answer he goes on, "I haven't seen them in months."

"Why don't you drop out there, then?"

"I've got a home of my own to go to now at nights," he replies with dignity.

"Well," I retort, "I know they'll be pleased to hear that the only reason you used to come out there was because you had nowhere else to go."

"You dog!" Andy explodes. "If you tell them that, I'll murder you."

That suit the wardrobe department had given Andy was none too fresh. It must've been a long time since it paid a visit to the cleaner's and it had what might charitably be described as a "musty" odor. So I promised Andy I wouldn't say anything to Dick and Joby and left.

Over at Paramount

HEAVEN knows it's a straight enough line from R-K-O to Paramount. I run the Ford through a few little dots (sometimes called "traffic buttons") and manage to make it without retracing any dots I've already passed over.



Conway Tearle and Richard Dix. In "Stingaree," Richard Dix is a sort of Australian Robin Hood.

"We're Not Dressing" is still shooting and Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard are still shooting off their mouths—but they're having a lot of fun doing it.

"Come On, Marines" is finally in the works with Richard Arlen in the top spot. But it's on location so I can't tell you about it.

"You're Telling Me," featuring W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh and Adrienne Ames, is also on location.

"Melody in Spring" is still shooting but I told you about that one last month.

The only new one I can connect with is "Murder at the Vanities," for which Paramount has imported Earl Carroll. I can't find out what the story is about. They don't want their mysteries unraveled by outsiders. All I know is that the scene is the wardrobe room in the Earl Carroll Theatre in New York during a performance of the Vanities.

Carl Brisson—Paramount's new importation—is there in a white evening suit of some by-gone period. The trousers are very narrow at the bottom and the coat collar is very wide. Victor McLaglen is there, too, in a conventional tuxedo and a derby. Also present is Mrs. Jessie Ralph as the wardrobe woman. She's an elderly lady dressed in nondescript clothes.

The wardrobe room itself is tiny. There are a couple of racks standing with costumes on them, a small dressing table with a make-up light on it and in one corner a two by four cubicle where the girls can change costumes for fittings—if they're suffering from an overdose of modesty. But from the looks of things the curtains have never been drawn.

I did manage to find out that one of the girls has been murdered—and the show, of course, is going on—and McLaglen is a detective.

"You sent for me?" inquires Mrs. Ralph of Vic.

"Yeah," says Vic. "I thought you killed Rita Ross—but now I know he did."

"He killed Rita Ross?" Mrs. Ralph gasps. "Is she dead?"

"Very," Vic answers calmly, eyeing her. "You don't seem upset much."

"She deserved killing," retorts Mrs. Jessie fiercely, and adds, "but *he* didn't do it."

"Oh, ho!" Vic cuts in. "So she deserved killing?"

"But it's stupid to think that Eric—that Mr. Lander—" she begins hotly.

Well, it goes on for hours like that and Vic, the old plug-ugly keeps building up a case against Mrs. Ralph because she won't talk and I think the reason she won't talk is that she'll have to confess she's Brisson's mother and doesn't want people to know he's got an old wardrobe lady for a mother—as if that mattered. Of course, all this is pure surmise on my part. If you don't like my solution figure one out for yourselves. Your guess is as good as mine. It wouldn't surprise me to find out Earl Car-

roll killed her himself. Chorus girls can be awfully aggravating.

You remember my telling you a few months ago about how lovely Irene Hervey was and that it did me no good because Dean Markham, the sheik of Hollywood, already had the inside track? Well, here's Dean right on the set of "Murder at the Vanities." He's still all upset because, apparently, he and Irene *phff* (enough "f's," Mr. Winchell?) and he's scouting around over here for someone to take her place.

At Fox

FOX has only one picture shooting this month—"Too Many Women" with Warner Baxter and Rosemary Ames.



What marvelous parts Rosemary Ames is getting—she must be good! She is with Warner Baxter in "Too Many Women."

Warner is some kind of professional man—a writer, maybe, who's always getting into trouble with women. He's in full evening regalia—tails, white tie, everything. At a signal from the director he enters the room and crosses over to the desk, behind which sits Rosemary Ames in a red wool dress with a frilled white net collar.

"May I have that check?" he asks politely.

"What a pity you got let in for this," is Miss Ames' reply as she tears out the check and hands it to him.

"I'm not enjoying it very much myself," he responds as he takes it and turns away. "Have Wilson bring in a glass of sherry, will you? She's pretty much upset." He goes a few steps farther and pauses once more: "If I have any more lecture tours, cancel them." This time he really makes the door.

What a peach of a room! It is fixed up for his office, but it would make a swell den in any home. It seems to me, from my tours of the studios, that the scenic designer at Fox displays more imagination and ingenuity than at any other film factory.

There are little touches about this set. On the studio couch, for instance, is a pillow made (of all things!) of the skins of skunks! A few woodcuts adorn the walls. There are also a couple of modernistic tables.

Opposite the desk are French doors leading to a porch. The porch is covered with a brightly striped red and white canopy. A few rubber plants, a cactus, evergreens and potted plants are all over the place. There are some easy chairs and a couple of steamer chairs. Here again the obvious has been avoided—there is no porch swing.

"I want you to meet Warner," my guide plots.

"I've already met him a dozen times," I assure her. "He's busy. Let's not bother

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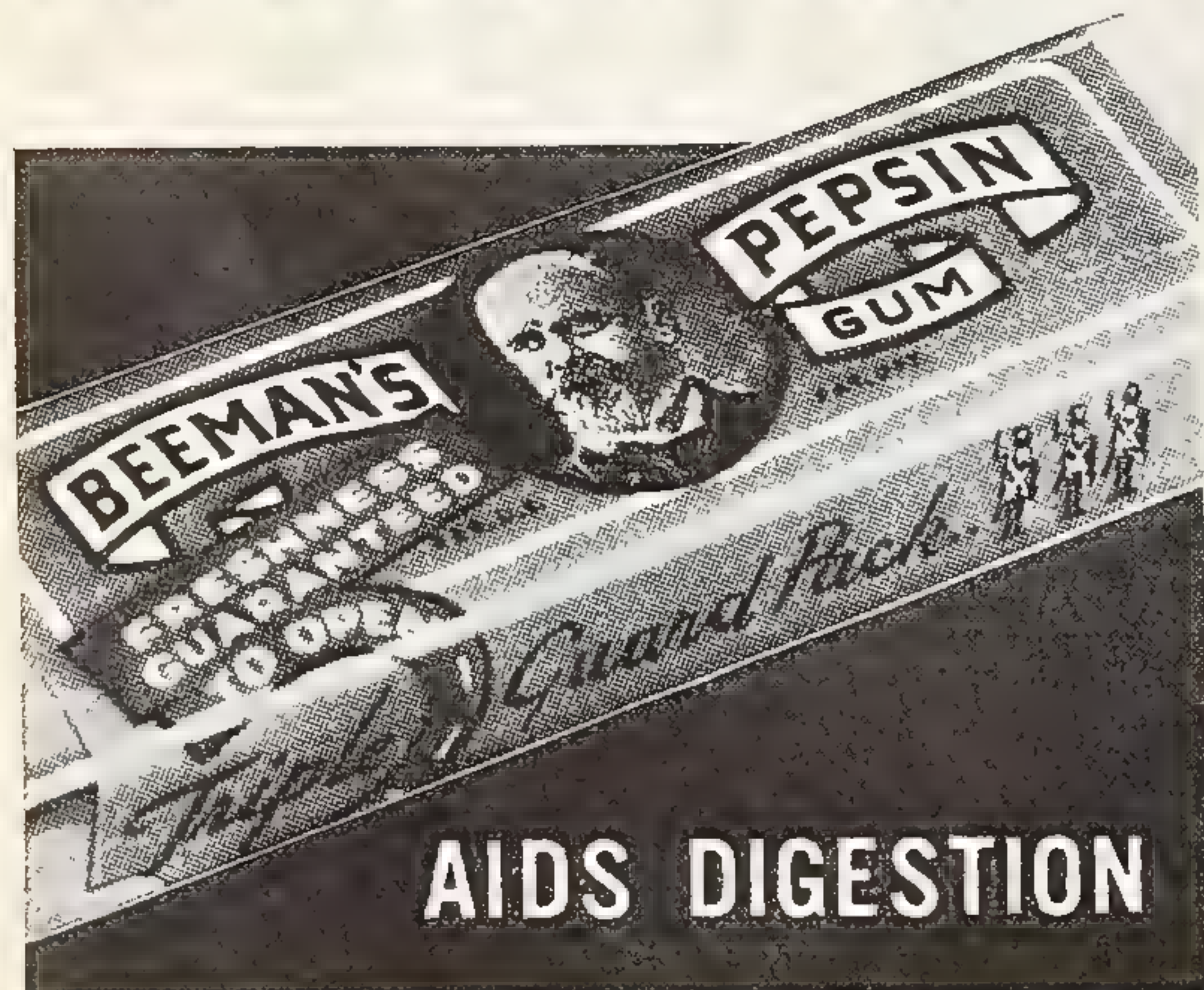
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him." The truth of the matter is, quite recently I said, right out in print, that Mr. Baxter and another actor were the biggest hams in the business. You can call an actor anything else and get away with it but never that. When you stigmatize an actor as belonging to the pork family he thinks the death penalty is too mild. I wasn't anxious to come face to face with Mr. Baxter.

You visitors from Iowa and Nebraska who were on the set that day and saw us chatting so pleasantly! Little you recked of the real life drama being enacted before your very eyes, for my guide insisted upon introducing me to Warner once more.

"We've met before," I stutter.

"When did you ever meet me before?" Warner catches me up.

"You mean the last time?" I murmur brightly. "I think at Neil Hamilton's."

"Oh, yes," he rejoins. There is a moment's silence while I try to chat with Miss Ames, who is sitting near by, but my heart is not in it. This must be settled.

"I didn't mind your calling me a ham," Warner announces. "I didn't even mind your saying I should be paid by the pound instead of by the week. You're entitled to your own opinion. But when you bracket me with that other guy! Well, I can't take it. That guy is—"

His description of "that guy" is the funniest thing I've heard in months. I can say this much, though, Warner—I misjudged you. You may not be my idea of the world's best actor (although from the letters of indignation I received from your fans for that paragraph, I think I am alone in my opinion) but you're no ham! A ham could never have laughed that insult off as you did. My apology and correction go even further. I inadvertently went into a theatre the other night where one of "that guy's" pictures was playing. Compared to him you're Edwin Booth.

On the M-G-M Lot

FROM Fox to M-G-M you can go through a hundred dots without extending yourself and without crossing yourself. It's worth it. Quality and not quantity out here.

First, there's "Sadie McKee," which is the first picture Joan Crawford has made in a long, long time. Big cast, too. In addition to Joan, there are Franchot Tone, Gene Austin, Edward Arnold, Leo White, Charles Williams, Esther Ralston, Jean Dixon and Aiken Tamiroff.

It's all about a little girl (Joan) whose mother is the cook for a wealthy family (Franchot Tone's folks). She's in love with Gene Austin, a no-account, good looking kid. She runs away to New York with him, expecting to marry him as soon as they reach town. It seems to me Joan's been in this business too long to be taken in by such an old gag but you never can tell. She goes, and that's that.

In the big city, Gene falls for Esther Ralston almost the very first day, and leaves Joan flat, and Jean Dixon gets Joan a job in the night club where she works.

What a dump! It's the kind that has lattice work in it with autumn leaves fluttering around by way of trimming. The draperies are figured purple. At intervals there are potted palms. The tables are covered with red and white checked cloths. I can hardly believe my eyes when I observe that not all the tables are filled. It's the first time in the history of movie night clubs that *that's* happened. I mean to say, you could get a seat—if you could get on the set.

It's late and the six chorus girls (of whom Joan is now one) are doing their number in a listless fashion. They have on black spangled trunks and brassieres, a big bunch of black tulle hanging in back

like an enormous bustle. There is also a little bunch of tulle on their hats and another little bunch on their shoes. They're dancing around in a circle, swinging their hips in a sort of can-can and throwing roses to the customers.

Charles Williams (very drunk) is sitting at one of the tables. As Joan passes him, he makes a grab for her, catches her tulle bustle and pulls at it. "Hey, baby," mumbles Charlie, "how about this for a souvenir?"

"To take home to your wife?" Joan smartcracks, trying to get away from him.

"Aw, don't be like that," Williams comes back. In attempting to draw her closer, he jerks the flounce off.

"Hey, lay off, will you?" Joan yaps. "Gimme that."

"I'm just being friendly," Williams informs her.

When I was in the cradle, Marie Dressler used to sing a song called "Heaven Will Protect the Working Gail" and I've always believed it. It's true, too, because just then, Edward Arnold (millionaire—and very boiled at the moment) comes by. He sizes things up at a glance, pauses, takes the amazed Williams' glasses off, tweaks his nose and replaces the glasses. You may well imagine that in his astonishment, Williams has let go of Joan and her bustle.

"Thanks," says Joan sweetly, handing Arnold a rose.

With that, she runs off the floor, after the other girls. Arnold stands staring after her a moment or two. Suddenly he realizes he's holding the flower. "What the hell do I want with a rose?" he asks the company at large, throwing it disgustedly into Williams' drink.

"It's nice to see you," Joan smiles when the scene is finished. "Have you had a chance to write those stories yet that you came out to interview me for last week?"

"Sure. I brought 'em along out. Like to see them?"

Joan clutches them with avid fingers and races through them. When she finishes, she turns to me with one of her famous million dollar smiles. "Bless you," she says simply, and feelingly.

All I can say is, "Next to the Pope, I can't think of anyone I'd rather be blessed by."

"Rip Tide," which became "Lady Mary's Lover" and is now called "Riptide" again (one word this time), starring Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall, is still in production, and so is "Tarzan and His Mate." When *that* one finishes, I'm going to get drunk by way of celebration. I'm sick of seeing it on the shooting schedule.

At Warner Brothers

THINGS are sure humming out here. "Sawdust," starring Joe E. Brown, is on location but there are other things.

First there's "Without Honor," in which James Cagney and Joan Blondell are reunited, with the added assistance of my friend, Victor Jory.

Jimmy is a safe cracker who has double-crossed some confederates and is fleeing from them. He meets Blondell, in the picture a girl of the streets, and thinks she has come to his room to steal. She convinces him that she has only come for her wedding dress, which she had hidden under the bed when they kicked her out of the hotel. Her fiancé, Jory, lives at a nearby fishing village, but she has no money to get to him.

Jimmy decides to take her there, as it will be a good place for him to hide out. They've reached the village, it's the night before Blondell's wedding and she and Victor are alone in her room in his mother's home.

In a corner is a dresser—with no mirror.



Victor Jory and Joan Blondell in "Without Honor"—a piece about crooks and love.

Joan in a navy blue wool crepe dress, with a blue calico apron, is sitting on the bed. And Jory in reefer, cap, flannel shirt and corduroy breeches stuffed into his boots, is kneeling before her.

"I don't know how to say very good it makes me glad for you to marry me, Rose," says Vic gazing up at her.

"You say it fine," opines Joan after a pause. "I kinda like the way you talk, at that," she adds, smiling shyly. "Say, Nick—"

"Yes, Rose."

"You sure you're not kidding yourself? I mean about wanting to get married—to me?"

"You don't want to get married?" Vic asks uneasily.

Joan looks hard into his eyes for a long moment. Then she rises, unsmiling and says tensely. "I told you I was glad, didn't I? Well, I am! See? I'll be a good wife to you, Nick! You know I will!"

"I'm glad you say like that now, Rose," Vic says gently. "In Frisco when I ask you to marry, I am afraid, because you laugh when I say it makes new start for you."

"I ain't laughing now, am I?" she retorts. "And you ain't afraid, are you?"

"You make me—I don't know how to say—not afraid for any thing," he answers, embracing her.

"You're all right, Nick." There is a slight pause and then she says gently, "Beat it downstairs now, will you? I—I better say good night."

It isn't often love scenes sound real on the screen, particularly if they're in a *metier* with which we're not familiar, but Joan and Vic are both such swell actors you believe them, and it gets under your skin so you don't feel like wise-cracking when it's over. Not even when they come up laughing to shake hands and Joan says, "Some fun, eh?"

"Lookit, Joan," I begin. "There's an auction tonight over at the Beverly Galleries. Cagney and Crosby and I have picked up some nice bargains there. I'm going out to Bing's for dinner but I'm going to leave right afterwards. Would you and George like to come?"

"Sure," Joan agrees readily, "if George will. But," she adds cautiously, "we can't sign any checks. Have you got any money?"

Well, howdaya like that? ? ?

ON THE next stage is a pleasant little thing called "Happy Family" concocted by my good old friend, Gene Markey.

"It's the best script I've ever turned out," Gene informs me. "And not only that, it's the first time I've ever been ab-

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solutely satisfied with the cast for one of my pictures."

"That's great," I rejoin enthusiastically.

"Thanks. Sshh! Watch this scene."

The "Happy Family" all live together in a flat. Helen Lowell is the grandma—a regular old harridan. This particular "scene" is where she opens the door into the hall to pick up the paper. Not a line of dialogue is spoken and it isn't a terribly important scene in the picture, but she makes every move count.

"It's so confusing," Miss Lowell murmurs when the scene is finished. "I've been all my life on the stage and now I've got to unlearn everything I know and start over."

"You don't have to unlearn anything," I retort. "Women who have been all their lives on the screen could take lessons from you right now."

AND on the next stage to this is "The Key," starring William Powell. Kay Francis was to have played with him but at the last moment they decided to star her in a picture of her own, so they've got him Edna Best for his leading lady. La Best is the dame who was working on a picture at M-G-M and at the end of a few days quietly got on a train and went back to New York and hubby Herbert Marshall, because she thought she would be no good in the movies.

In the film Edna Best and Colin Clive are happily married. Clive, of the British Secret Service, has been stationed in Dublin to watch the movements of the Sinn Fein leaders. Powell, a gay dog and a dare-devil fighter, is also assigned to Dublin and gets quarters in the same house. He and Edna have had an affair in the past—before she married. He walked out on her.

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The set is very simple. There is no furniture. It is just the landing in a hallway. We see stairs leading to an upper floor and stairs leading down to a lower one. At the head of the stairs is a door leading to Powell's rooms.

The camera is mounted on a crane this time, so that it can swing up to the top of the steps and catch Miss Best as she descends the stairs. Just as she reaches the bottom, Powell's door opens and he steps out. He has on an old green felt hat and an overcoat with the collar turned up.

"Norah," he says gently

Edna stands there a moment, as though waiting to hear his alibi.

"There's a great deal to say, isn't there?" Bill wants to know.

"Is there?" says Edna coolly. "Haven't I heard your complete repertoire of lies?"

"They weren't lies, Norah," Bill goes on shaking his head, "but I'm afraid no woman could understand that. I only want to explain how I could say 'I love you' and mean it—and still never come back."

"I've explained it to my own satisfaction," Edna snaps. "I was silly enough to fall in love with you at one time in my life—and I would have completely forgotten it if my husband hadn't brought you for tea."

"I don't believe that," rejoins Dare-Devil Bill. "I don't think you ever quite forgot that fortnight at Branscomb."



William Powell at his inscrutable best in "The Key."

"Three years was obviously too long for you to remember," she says bitterly.

"Can't you understand, Norah," Bill goes on patiently, "that there are some men who can't stand the monotony of one day being like the next—no matter how charming those days may be? I'm one of them. The air of a home would stifle me."

No, Bill, I'll tell you she can't understand. Women just don't seem to grasp that. You've no idea the trouble that I, myself, have trying to make them understand.

"How're you, Dick?" inquires a soft voice at my elbow.

I look around and there, in the flesh, is Maxine Doyle, whom Charles R. Rogers had under contract when he was making "Eight Girls in a Boat." Some looker, is Maxine. Now she's under contract to Warner Brothers and has a part in this same picture.

"Oh, so-so," I answer, controlling my enthusiasm so as not to give her a swelled head.

Unfortunately I can't stand talking to Maxine all day, much as I'd like to. There's still work to be done.

First, there's "The Return of the Terror" in which Lyle Talbot at last gets the break he deserves. With him in this picture are Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, John Halliday, Irving Pichel, George E. Stone, George



George Cooper and Lyle Talbot make a scene for "The Return of the Terror."

Cooper and Robert Emmett O'Connor. From the presence of the last named, I suspect it's a murder mystery and Mr. O'Connor will have to clear up the mystery—or, at least, help.

I find I'm not far wrong. Halliday is the head of a private sanitarium for mental cases. The place is owned by the immensely wealthy Mary Astor. Halliday has been accused of murdering his patients with arsenic poisoning. Pichel (his lawyer), Mary (his fiancée) and Lyle (his associate) urge him to plead insanity and say that afterwards they can have the case reopened and clear him. He is adjudged insane, sent to an institution, and Lyle takes charge of the place after he's gone.

I wish I had space to describe this set to you, but I haven't. It is the office of a scientist (Lyle). Outside the rain is teeming down. Thunder and lightning effects. Lyle is at his desk when George Cooper enters, crosses the floor and hands him a letter.

"Two gentlemen to see you, sir," he announces.

"All right, Cotton," says Lyle after glancing at the letter.

"Cut," calls the director.

I've never seen a camera mounted like this one before. It is on a very low truck—so low that the camera is only about six inches off the floor. It is also on a universal joint, so it can be tipped back and pointed at the door through which Cooper enters. It is pulled back as he comes toward the desk, so it keeps him in full view all the time, and, when he is standing at the desk opposite Lyle, it is tilted farther back so it takes in both of them. Instead of shooting directly at them as most shots are made, it is shooting up at them which will give them a distorted, mysterious look—unless I miss my guess.

"Dick!" Lyle exclaims catching sight of me and coming forward to shake hands. "When did you get back?"

"About a month ago," I mutter guiltily.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"I did," I answer lamely. "But you were away on location."

"Well, let's get together. Give me a ring and come up for dinner, will you?"

"Sure," I answer gratefully. That's one of the nice things about Lyle. He never pins you down too much. I mean, about my not having phoned to say "hello."

Just then they go into another "take" and I start nosing around to see what else is on the set. You should see the grounds around the sanitarium. Stone walks (made of beaver-board), shrubs, lawns, a lamp-post, a fountain with a statue in it. But

the weirdest part of all was the rain. High up over the lawn is a pipe full of holes. A couple of garden hoses run from a faucet in the floor to the pipes. At a signal, two men turn the faucets, and water spouts from the holes in the pipes looking exactly like rain. The rain-makers stand off at a little distance and although from where I sit, it would seem they'd be drenched, they're dry as chipmunks.



Mary Astor supporting Lyle Talbot in "The Return of the Terror."

ONE other picture and Warner Brothers and I are through for the month. It's called "One Man Woman" and Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell have the leads.

Pat is a cheap prize-fighter but his wife Glenda, teaches him a few tricks and he becomes popular with the crowds in the cheaper class of boxing clubs. Claire Dodd, a magazine illustrator, looking for something new to play with, picks him up and he goes for her in a big way. Glenda tries to break it up but when she can't, she sticks with him anyhow.

Then comes the night of his big fight. It is with Sullivan (Mushy Callahan) and both of them are after the championship. Mushy is knocked out in the fifth round and he is out so long Pat goes to his dressing room to see if he has killed him. Mushy gives him the laugh and says Pat is nothing but a palooka and if he (Mushy) hadn't been paid to lie down, he'd have knocked Pat for a row of Mahatma Gandhi's safety pins. Pat, in a rage, lunges at Mushy and Mushy does knock him out. When Pat comes to, he's alone. He races along the hall looking for Mushy.



Making "One Man Woman"—Pat O'Brien and Clarence Muse. Glenda Farrell is the woman.

"Sullivan! SULLIVAN!" he yells—but no one answers. Then he bumps into Clarence Muse, one of the porters about the place.

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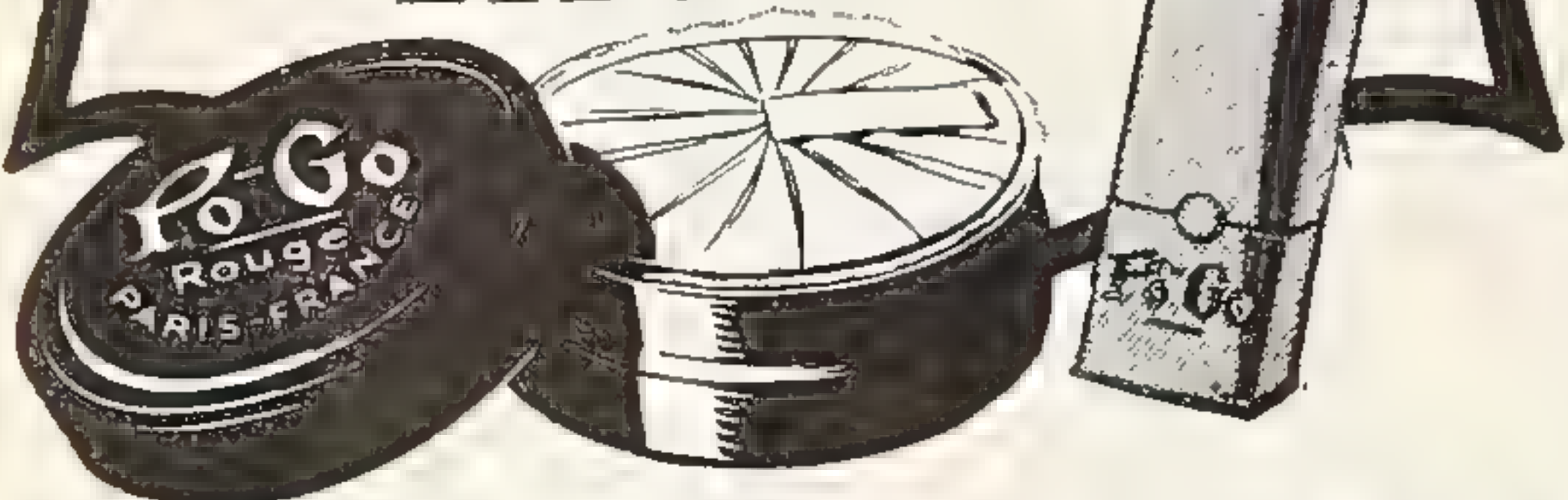
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The picture is "Glamour" and naturally Constance Cummings is it. Philip Reed opposite.

"Seen Gavin (Pat's manager)?" he asks. "Naw, suh, he ain't here," says Clarence. Pat opens another door and yells to the people inside: "Gavin here?" "No," says a voice, "but you might find him at Pirroni's." Well, that's it. And that's life for you. Just when Mr. O'Brien is getting himself established socially, Warner Brothers turn around and make him play a cheap prize-fighter. Now, one of the better fighters like Mr. Tunney might have social position, but whoever heard of a cheap fighter with any social prestige. It's tough, Pat, that's what it is.

At Universal

SOME fun. I've gone through most of my dots and haven't crossed myself—up yet. It's a cinch to get from Warner's to Universal without retracing any roads. I find things on a merry-go-round over there. Three pictures, no less, shooting at once.

There's "Glamour" with Constance Cummings, Phillip Reed and Paul Lukas. Paul is a light opera composer and Constance is in the chorus of one of his companies. She finally persuades him to write a song for her, is given the lead in one of his operettas (after he's fallen in love with her) and eventually they are married. She becomes a big hit and then has to go fall in love with Phillip Reed, her leading man. Rather than cause her unhappiness, Paul gives her a divorce. She and Reed marry

and go to London where they become the reigning favorites, although his success is greater than hers.

When this scene opens they're in their room in the hotel—or their apartment.

There is a breakfast tray on the foot of the bed, which Connie has just polished off (the breakfast, I mean, not the bed) and another tray on a small table beside the bed.

Connie in a flesh-colored nightie, with filmy lace around the neck, is lying in bed. Reed, in maroon silk pajamas, with red and white checked collar and cuffs, is sitting at the table, reading aloud the review of their new play which just opened the night before. The reviews were very kind to Reed—not so kind to Connie.

"I never take anything that critic writes seriously," Reed assures her. "The fellow's an idiot!"

Constance continues reading: "She gives the effect of deliberately submerging her own fine talents in order to emphasize those of Valenti (Reed)."

Reed jumps up, snatches the paper out of her hand and hurls it across the room.

"I thought, my love," Connie says in an amused tone, "you didn't take anything he writes seriously."

"That's the devil of it," Reed snaps, striding up and down. "For once he happens to be right."

"That's the fun of it," Connie laughs. "That's the glory of it! I'm not just your co-star. I'm your wife. Think of all the millions of yearning women who are jealous of me (naughtily) who would like to be right here." She snuggles down in bed and extends her arms to him in invitation. Reed, unable to resist her, leans over the bed and puts his arms around her.

"You—" he begins, and I could just picture Deacon Hays swooning at what would come next but evidently the script writers could, too, because they had him interrupted.

There's a knock at the door and his butler, Ted Cooper, enters. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," begs Ted.

"Never mind," says Connie. "You've already spoilt the scene." Well I should hope so!

And while we're on the subject of Constance Cummings, I just want to add my two bits worth and say if these producers don't stop trying to make her sing, I'm going to commit mayhem—or something. She's a beautiful girl, a charming person and a swell actress BUT—if she ever tried to sing on the stage or in a night club



Genevieve Tobin, making "Uncertain Lady" with Edward Everett Horton, who is always good for a laugh. The lady in the center is Renee Gadd, a newcomer from "over there."

she'd be hissed off, so why try to kid us into believing she's a musical comedy sensation as they did in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," and as they're doing in this.

NEXT ladeeze and genlman, as Al Jolson taught me to say, we have "I'll Tell the World" and *this* is what you've been waiting for. It marks Lee Tracy's return to the screen.

They wouldn't tell me the plot—they want to keep it for a surprise.

The scene is the office of the Associated Press.

Leon Waycoff is sitting at the desk phoning. "I haven't been able to locate Brown yet." Just then the door opens and in pops Lee. "He's somewhere in an airplane," Waycoff goes on.

"No sooner had the words escaped his lips," Lee announces airily, "than the diligent correspondent entered the door!"

"It's Hardwick," Waycoff says to Lee. "He's frying!"

Lee pantomimes wildly to Waycoff to say he can't be found but Waycoff double X's him.

"He just came in," says Waycoff brightly into the 'phone.

After giving Waycoff a dirty look, Lee takes the 'phone, drops into one of the easy chairs, props his feet on the desk and prepares to talk.

THE third and last of Universal's trio is called "Uncertain Lady." It boasts the presence of Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton and a new English actress, Renee Gadd. Ye gods! The place is so thick with new foreign actresses you find them hiding in your toothbrush.

This is the story of an interior decorator (Toby) who finds her husband (Horton) doing a little plain and fancy chiseling with Gadd. Somehow she's got them into her office—and a very swanky office it is. They've just had tea. Toby looks very chic in a long, navy-blue coat dress with a red polka dot slip showing through the opening of the coat and at the neck. Gadd has on a smart looking black wool crepe with frilled organdy collar and cuffs. On a divan by the door, a silver fox and a lady's bag are lying. Horton and Gadd have been sitting on the divan and Toby is standing beside her desk.

"Come, Myra," says Horton as he rises. "I told you it was no use."

"What a charming dress you have on," Toby exclaims sweetly, walking towards Gadd. "Would you mind turning around so I can get a good look at it?"

"Does she know how to move, Elliott!!!" Toby raves to Horton.

"I'm beginning to understand many things about Miss Gadd now, Elliott," Toby smiles, "that *might* have attracted you."

There! That's all there is. And I hope you're not as bored with reading this as I was with writing it. I never saw such a dull lot of pictures in production at one time in the five years I've been out here. If I didn't *seem* bored, I'm a better actor than I thought. My enthusiasm is all put on. Let's hope for better things next month.

Note to Editor: Dear Eliot: If you think the last paragraph is just too caustic, use this one:

There! That's all there is! I'm safe home once more, I'm friends with Warner Baxter, I'm invited to the Bing Crosby's for dinner, I'm going to an auction sale afterwards with George Barnes and Joan Blondell and I've won my improvised puzzle: I haven't crossed myself once going from one studio to another.

(Editor's Note:—Mr. Mook will judge a whole picture from one sequence, but what can you do with a genius who never eats dinner at home?)

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"In Person"

[Continued from page 19]

talked about everything but me."

I said, "Well, I was nervous, too. I felt awfully sorry for you. I hate interviewing people, myself. I don't like to write about anybody I don't know really well. How can you?"

Let's see what I can honestly write about Clark Gable now that, after four years, I do know him well.

When we were all on a week-end party at a big California ranch, I noticed one thing about Clark. He was very sociable, and he made everybody laugh, but after about *so long* he would suddenly vanish and be gone for hours. Being naturally curious, that intrigued me. I soon found out where he went. He took a horse and rode—rode for miles into the hills, rode by himself and came back hot and dusty and tired and very happy.

No one I ever met keeps so boyish a quality. I mean, Clark is not a kid. But he enjoys himself wherever he may be with all the fervor and vitality of a college freshman. It's a very endearing quality. I have never yet seen Clark bored. I remember one night we were at a rather dull dinner party in Hollywood. Since I name no names I can be honest and say it was one of the dullest dinner parties I have ever attended. There were a lot of important people present, and they were all busy being important, and they didn't say much that was interesting because evidently they were afraid somebody would steal an idea. That happens in Hollywood. After dinner, Clark was again missing. We found him upstairs in the playroom, running the electric train for the small son of the house and having the time of his life.

On his recent trip to New York—his first in four years, and the first time he has been on Broadway since he made his big hit—he enjoyed himself with the same simplicity that you would expect of an out-of-town buyer from Syracuse. There wasn't any pretense about it. He got a kick out of the night clubs. He got a thrill out of every play he saw. Coming out of the Capitol with him one night after the show—he had maneuvered a secret way through the cellar so that he didn't have to be torn to bits nightly by the girls who waited outside the stage entrance—we were instantly hailed by a taxi-driver, whose name, it appeared, was Tony. Tony waited for him in that particular spot every night and took him back to the hotel. The first thing Tony said was, "Well, Clark, how'd the show go today?" And they discussed it all the way back to the Waldorf.

It is literally impossible to make Clark Gable take anything very seriously. *Anything*. He likes his work, but it is impossible for him to regard it as something sacred, as something the world just couldn't get along without. He thinks it's fun—especially pictures like "Hell-Divers."

But, in the confidences of his friends, he will comment upon certain of his own performances with ribald and biting criticism. There is one in particular, some time in the past, which causes him most unseemly mirth. "Probably," he will say, with his irresistible grin, "the worst performance ever given on stage or screen. But, you must admit I was miscast."

On the other hand, he will be boyishly proud and pat himself on the back with glee over something he has done which he really thinks is good. "I knocked that one dead," he will say.

His stay in New York was slightly hectic. Not since the days of Valentino was anyone so besieged by adoring crowds of young ladies. They clustered about the

stage door, they waited in the hotel lobby, they followed him wherever he went. He was gracious—he had a lot of fun out of it. Someone said to him one day, "Oh, isn't that awful—I should think you'd be worn out with it all."

Clark grinned pleasantly. "Look," he said, "the day they stop wanting my autograph I'm through. And I know it. It takes a little time but I think I'm pretty lucky. After all, why the deuce should they want my name scrawled on a piece of paper unless they really like me?"

Clark enjoys his fame, enjoys his popularity, as he enjoys almost everything. The only thing he really dislikes is being misunderstood.

"Hell, I don't kid anybody," he told me, when some paper had printed something about him that was untrue. "I put it right out there on the line. But it's gotten so that the public press makes everyone think you're always playing for publicity. That's hardly fair. Is it? Sure, I go and hunt deer up in the California mountains. I love it. Sure, I buy myself a race horse and see him run down at Caliente. That's one of the kicks I get out of life. But there's been so much printed that wasn't true, that the first thing you know they don't believe anything—they don't think you're on the level at all. And do you know, it's funny—" for a moment his face was quite serious, his eyes that are so amazingly blue under the heavy black brows looked very straight at me, "It's funny, but I like people to know that what I do is just what I would do if I'd never been on the screen. I'd like them to know I am just what I am. People have been very good to me and I'd hate to have them think I was kidding them about *anything*."

As a matter of fact, there is absolutely no pretense about Clark. I would say that the only thing he does, because he is a screen star, which he wouldn't do otherwise is to keep dressed up occasionally. His ideal costume is a pair of old cords and a sweat shirt and he doesn't really care much about clothes.

Perhaps one of the most fortunate things in Clark's life is his marriage. Ria Gable is a woman in a thousand—a lady who knows the world, who is a charming hostess, who understands Clark Gable as no one else ever can. She fits herself into his life, she makes his life a thing of ease and comfort, she takes things as they come. Everyone likes her—there isn't a more popular woman in Hollywood and, in confidence, that is not always true of the wives of popular actors.

"I wish," Clark said the other night, "you'd write me another story. And give me a good lusty heavy to play. You know, I like to play heavies—nice, likable, violent heavies. That's my ideal."

He means it, as the studio can tell you. Do you ever stop to think about the people you know, and wonder, if you were in a bad jam, just which one of them you could turn to? Do you ever wonder which one of them would help you out, without making it too tough, and would know how to do it in the simplest possible way, without hurting you, with good clear common sense—and make you feel you had really done them a favor in asking for help?

I think most of us get in jams now and again and no matter how many friends we have, we do stop to think of all that.

Well, of all the men I know, and in my job I have to know a lot of them, I think I'd rather have Clark Gable with me in a pinch than anyone I can think of.

If he liked you, if he was your friend, he wouldn't ask any questions, he wouldn't lecture you, and he wouldn't make any mistakes.

And there is another thing about him as a friend that is rare. If you don't see him for months, you pick the thing up just where you left it.

I don't know whether you feel about this as I do or not—but I rather imagine you do. It's always a real happiness to me to feel that people I admire are worthy of it. I hate having my illusions destroyed. I don't like to find out that somebody who is

thrilling on the screen is a mess off. I hate to think that a man who gives the feeling of strength and manliness and joy of living that Clark Gable does is really pretty much of a weak sister or a nuisance off.

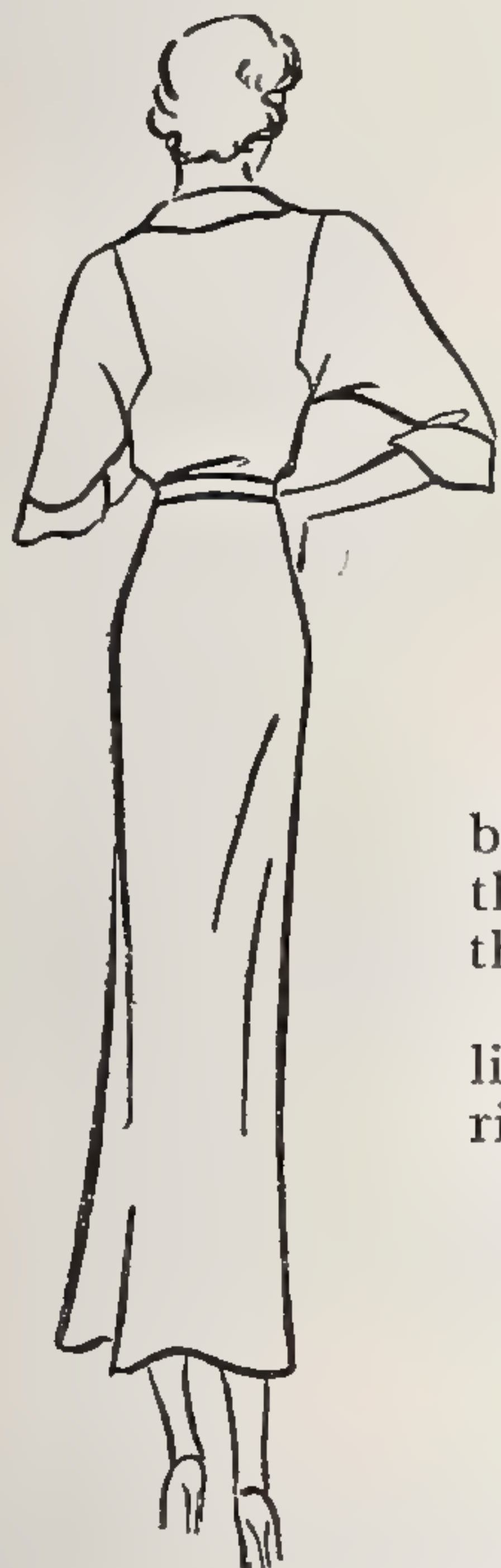
I've known Clark pretty well for a long time now.

The secret I wanted to tell you is that I've had a chance to prove him—and he is even nicer, he is even more Clark Gable "in person" than he is when he's playing the most heroic rôle. I hope you're as pleased about that as I am.

Bill Haines, who has just about given up acting to decorate houses for the movie great in Hollywood, has sailed for Greece, where he expects to pick up bits of the Acropolis and Parthenon for Bill Powell's magnificent new home, which is rearing its head in the spacious part of Beverly Hills. It's to be done a la Greque, and will inevitably be the "last word" in something. Carole Lombard is already planning to give a party there as soon as the Acropolis gets moved in.

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Carole Gets Her Own Way [Continued from page 20]

leads for this company in "Power," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "Show Folks," "High Voltage," "Big News" and "The Racketeer."

After this dizzy start right up to the middle of the ladder, things seemed to fizzle out as they do so mysteriously in Hollywood. Pathe merged with another studio and Carole was not cast in a new picture for weeks.

Came option-time, but Carole was not discouraged or panicky. She packed up a few trunks and set out for New York, with the stage and new fields to conquer in mind. Before she had unpacked her first trunk, she was cast in the lead of "Fast and Loose," a Paramount picture produced at the Astoria studios.

When this picture was released, exhibitors sent letters to the studio powers demanding more of the Lombard blonde. The tumult and the shouting developed into another contract and Carole returned to Hollywood and settled down to a grind of work that would wear down a healthy stevedore.

The first Lombard picture under the Paramount colors was "Man of the World," and William Powell was the star of the piece.

The rest is history, which you should know or be ashamed if you don't.

By the time Carole had eight pictures to her credit, she took time out to become Mrs. William Powell and honor the event with a trip to Honolulu.

She is divorced now, but not embittered, and her friendship with her ex-husband has kept the columnists in news for the past six months. No name has been linked with hers romantically since the Reno business, and it looks as though it were Carol's intention to keep love in the background for a while.

At this writing Carole is doing two pictures at one time, "We're Not Dressing," with Bing Crosby, and "Twentieth Century." She is also presiding at a series of the smartest little dinners in Hollywood, in her emerald green and salmon-pink dining room. She is seen at every smart function, and often dances until morning at the Cocoanut Grove. She looks radiantly happy, although she changes her escorts often enough to dispel comment. She orders, not many but superb clothes and starts new vogues almost every time she dines publicly.

She is a 1934 model blonde, one with a firm, square chin, who knows what she wants from life and goes about getting it systematically.

The Grant That Took Virginia [Continued from page 47]

"And then one night I was standing in front of the Beverly Brown Derby, talking to friends, and someone stopped to talk with Ric Cortez, a member of our party. When the visitor left something was mentioned about Cary Grant being a swell fellow who was getting a great break. You know, of course, that I'm as blind as a bat without my glasses. When I found out it had been Cary who had stopped, I almost fell off the curb in excitement!"

"Oh darling, not off the curb!" Cary smiled at her affectionately.

I recalled that in 1929 the Curb and I had had a falling out too. . . .

"As you know, Cary and I have been going together for a year and a half and



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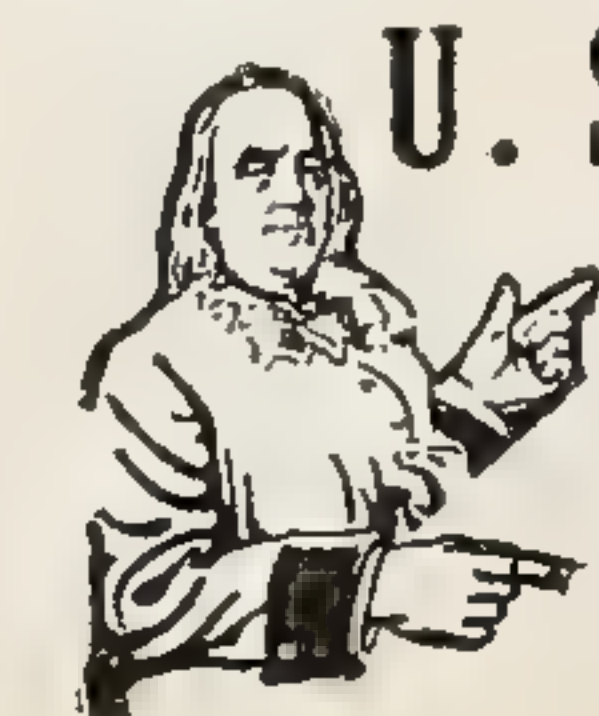
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of course Randy Scott has been constantly with us—the three of us get on so well."

"I know."

"And gosh," Cary added, looking so very worried for a benedict, "we have a problem already!"

"Heaven's alive," I said, "eight children, no food in the house and—"

"No, really," he said, with such seriousness that I just had to believe him, though he had only been married eleven days.

"Well, you see," he confided, "Randy and I have always lived together in Hollywood and we have a lease on the house which I left and where Randy is staying now. I believe the lease expires in a couple of weeks, or a month, but Virginia and I want to go back to the old place, it's home you know. And it's so huge that Randy couldn't possibly be in our way—we wouldn't even know he was there! None of us wants to go to a hotel. I wonder whether such a temporary arrangement would be thought—er—unconventional?"

"Of course not," I reassured him. "I think everyone in the world, Hollywood being included, would admire you for being perfectly natural about such a natural thing! One can have a design for living, you know, without designs. . . ."

Cary seemed so relieved.

I noticed Virginia wearing a simple plain gold band, and I admired it because everyone else in Hollywood wears diamond stomachers to play in the sand pile. She confessed that a Cartier engagement ring is waiting for her back in Hollywood, a lovely diamond with baguettes in a heavy setting—"almost a man's ring." Virginia, who resembles nothing so much as a fragile Dresden doll, is something of a paradox. She has skin that makes you feel as though you had a touch of elephantiasis. She has ash blonde hair all curled up and soft and feminine and well, you've seen her, and you've loved her, too! But don't be misled. She's all for comfort. Loves old clothes, large roomy coats with huge pockets and likes nothing better than to stalk along, for miles and miles, beside a tall, dark, handsome man, in the rain!

Cary loves the same sort of thing—and Randy, too, for that matter—and that's why they've been such gay and comradely companions. A day of pleasure to this threesome means at least twelve hours of rummy, topped off by twelve of backgammon. Cary could keep this routine up indefinitely, though Virginia must have her "eight hours of sleep," and she says it will take her at least two months to catch up for all she's lost in merry England!

It was Virginia's first trip abroad. She left New York in November. Cary and Randy had already arrived in England, where Cary spent five long weeks in the hospital undergoing three operations! But now he's perfectly well, and, as I think, well nigh perfect!

When Virginia visited Bristol she expected a nice "small" town—and was she surprised! And was Cary proud to show her off to his family! She just loved London—thought it so gay and delightful. They spent time in Paris, too, and Cary said he's seen enough of Art and the galleries to go along on until they are both able to get away together again for another trip. That, of course, is what they're saving for, and, if they can, maybe, some day, they'll go to South America, on a freighter! It would set them back almost one day's pay—but perhaps they'll make it.

"What about work, Mrs. Grant?" I laughingly asked Virginia. "I want to work just as long as I can," she answered. And Cary agreed that a wife should do exactly the things that matter to her. But they both want a family "later"—and though they won't buy a home now, they agree that when there are children they are going to go in for real estate and see that

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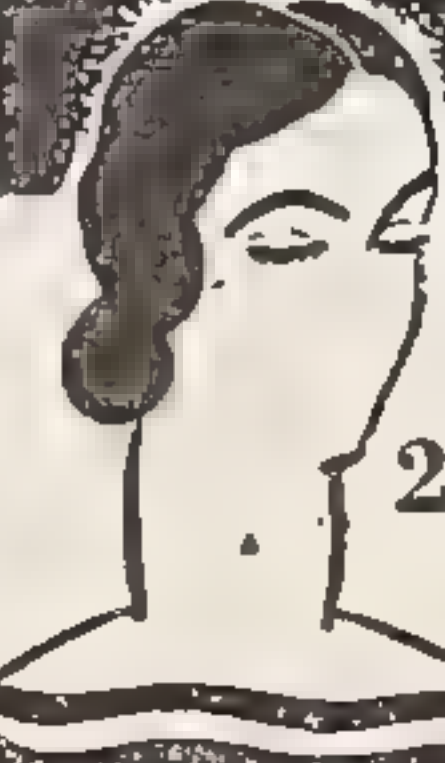
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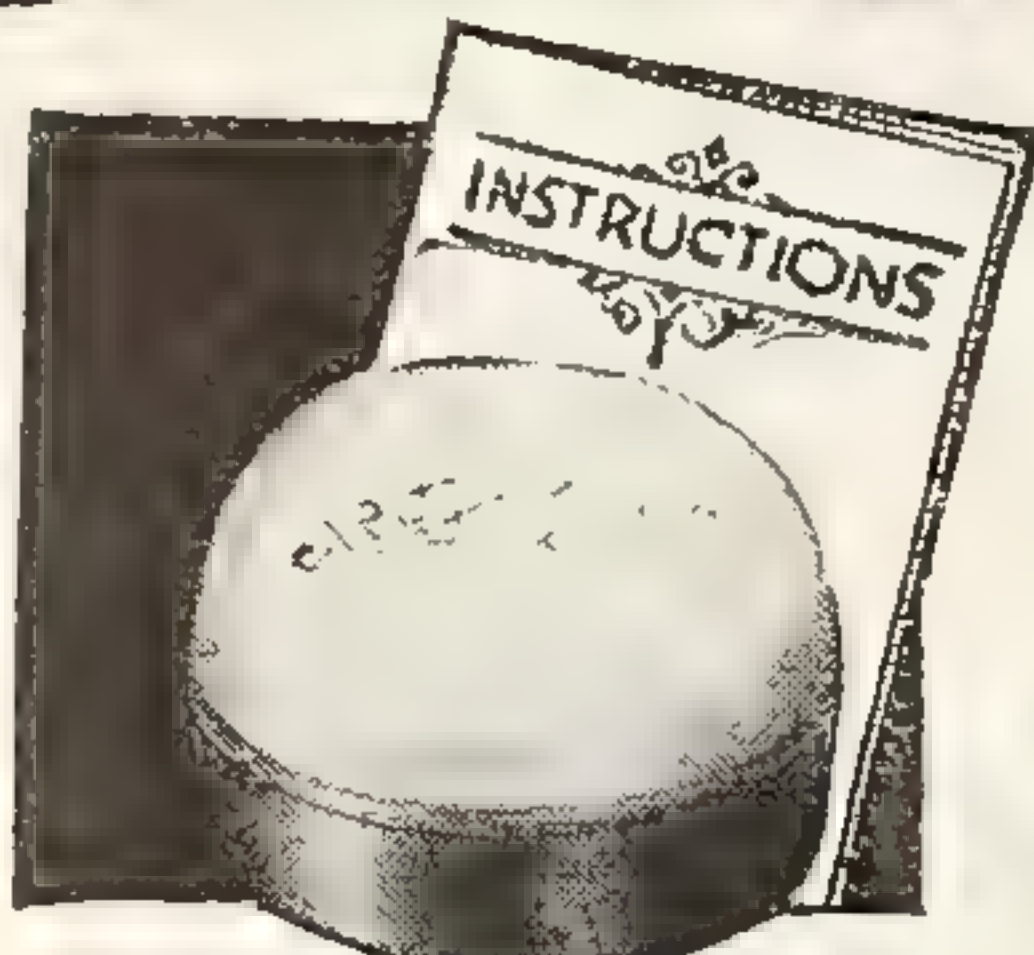
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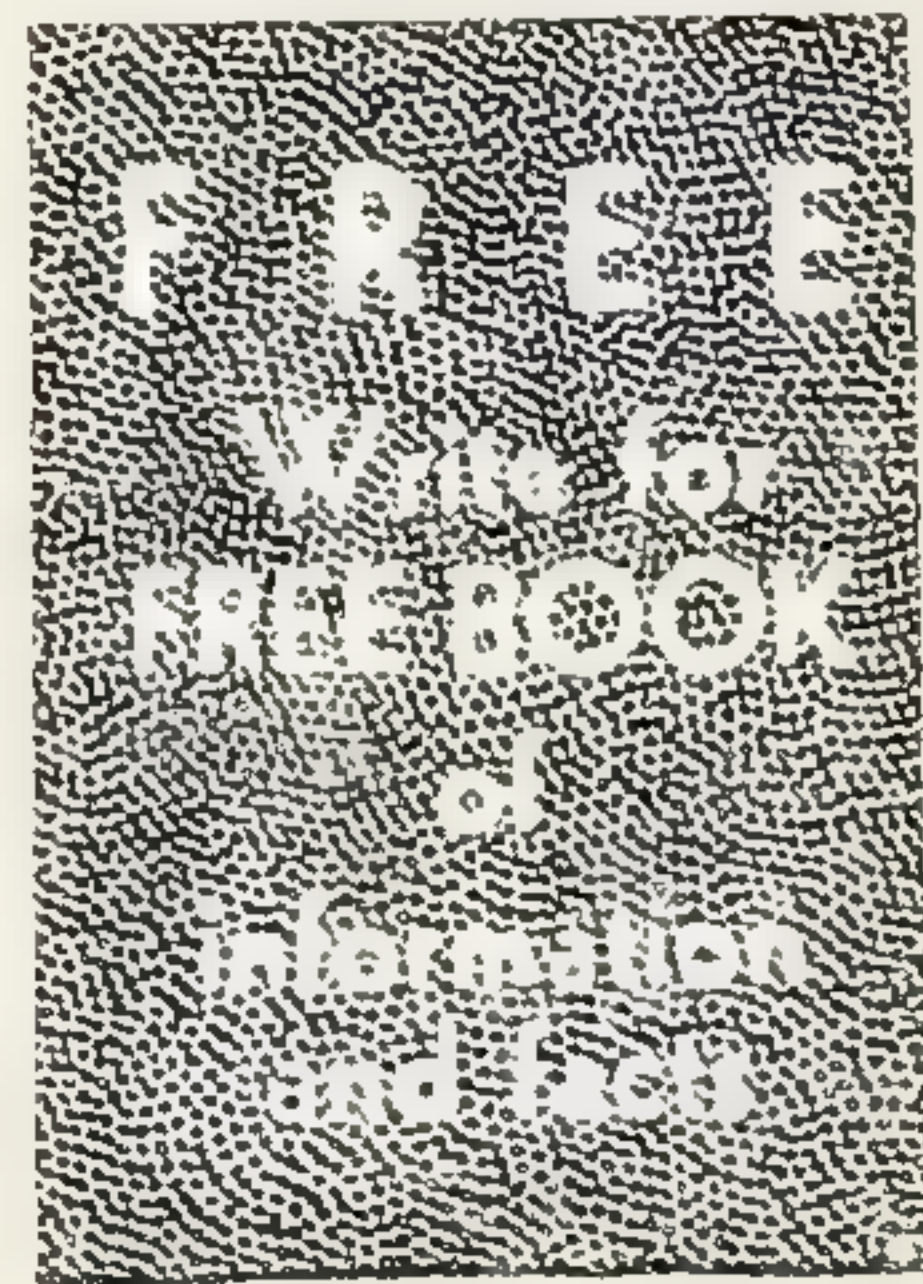
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"But look at what Hollywood does to so many marriages," little Cupid suggested, "doesn't it frighten you two children just a little?" (What a happy thought, but Eros has certainly been shooting a lot of poisoned arrows lately!)

"No, not really," Cary answered. "Of course this is my first love and my first marriage (the thud is not a new California earthquake but the combined bodies of 6,384,216 women falling in mass formation). But Virginia has been divorced (she was Mrs. Irving Adler)—and there are so many divorces in all walks of life—the people of the screen and stage are just publicized more, that's all.

One of the most amazing things about Cary is that he is just the same boy who arrived in New York when he was sixteen—impressionable, ambitious, and entirely guileless. He was a young acrobat and tight rope walker, who was lucky enough to have an engagement at the Hippodrome—and now he's back after his first trip home, and a honeymoon, married to a lovely person and sitting just across the street from that famous old theatre. Today he's a face known to millions... and that amazes him and frightens him just a little—which is a nice, healthy reaction for a come-up-'n'-see-me-som'-time-boy!

"It's dreadful," Virginia said, "the way he pulls his hat down over his eyes and tries so hard not to be noticed and recognized. And it astonishes him so when people make excuses to look in windows just to get a closer view of him. I tell him that by trying so hard to evade recognition he makes himself even more conspicuous," and she smiled across at him such a nice, frank, affectionate smile—the kind that Hollywood has never trained a Kleig on!

"I can so clearly recall when I did the very same thing," Cary admitted. "It was several years ago and I was then a vaudevillian and an ardent Garbo fan. One day, coming out of the Paramount Building, I saw Miss Garbo walking up Broadway. I remember that I dashed down 44th Street, through that alley in back of the Shubert theatre, and back to Broadway in time to see her again as she passed the Astor! And what a thrill that was!"

And, as Cary tells that one on himself, Virginia also tells one on him.

"Cary simply dies each time he sees himself on the screen. He'll say to me as we enter a theatre: 'Virginia, you sit over here on the right side of the theatre.' No, I don't want to sit next to you, please." And then he'll go over to the left of the house for a few minutes. Pretty soon, just as I'm getting interested in the picture, someone will sit down next to me and, as I turn, I see Cary, looking very miserable, there beside me. And he'll whisper, 'Oh, why did I do it that way?' It looks marvelous to me, but he can think of so many other ways he would have liked to have acted it. Once, even, he took one hand and put it over my eyes, while, with the other, he held my ears! And I laughed so!"

Not much chance of Hollywood hurting such a pair, I thought.

They were both surprised and pleased at the tremendous ovations which they constantly received in England. They were absolutely mobbed, and Virginia said that even some of her sleep was spoiled when the maids came in of mornings asking endless questions, such as if she saw Joan Crawford every day and what kind of clothes Mae West wears off the screen!

What, I asked them, did they feel was essential to a happy marriage in Hollywood?

Cary said: "The things that are essential anywhere—a normal perspective and one's feet on the ground. Virginia and I are sincerely, deeply and honestly in love."

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We have the things, we believe, which make love permanent and satisfying, mutual interests and respect for each other. But take the fans who write me. They, too, have these things. A man with a job in a grocery store in Midport, Iowa, who has a sweetheart he admires and respects and to whom he is devoted, has just as much as we have, and so has every other man who has found the 'right girl,' and each girl who believes she has found the 'right man.'

"As for marriages lasting. They will last as long as love lasts and as long as people continue to be interested in the things which drew them together.

"When Virginia and I have rests between pictures, at the same time, we don't rush to New York for adulation or praise--of course everyone who goes to New York doesn't do it with that motive in mind--we just get into our car and make for the country where we can enjoy each other's company, take up the loose ends of our private lives, which are temporarily interrupted when one or the other or both is busy at the studios, and find refreshing enjoyment in the things we both take pleasure in. When love asks no more than some old clothes, quiet solitude and mutual understanding, it hasn't asked more than Hollywood or any other place can give, do you think?"

I hope not. Because they're all right with me, those Grants! And so I believe that a license issued recently to a young couple (although its meticulous English wording conveys the impression that a regiment is considering matrimony), reading: Virginia Cherrill Adler to Archie Leach (known as Cary Grant) is going to set up in business a going concern!

Novarro

[Continued from page 30]

was at that moment joined by his pleasant manager. Together they escorted me down the stairs, and if, with as much haste as courtesy, who was I to complain now?

Halfway down the stairs Novarro caught a glimpse of Park Avenue, fair and fat and over forty, decked out most ravishingly in orchids and sables and Chanel's Number 5. He galloped down the rest of the way and they kissed most affectionately. But as the orchid lady's distinguished husband stood affably to one side in a nice black coat with a mink collar while they made their plans to meet in dear old Venice during "the season," I couldn't whisper scandal.

With Park Avenue safely out of the doorway, a little Señorita with melting eyes--the same who had glared so disdainfully at me earlier when I was told "Novarro will see you now"--craved her brief moment.

It seemed that her brother knew his sister who knew--or was it the other way around? Anyway, I eavesdropped shamelessly, wedged in as I was between everybody at the foot of the staircase, and heard Novarro say: "Si, Si, Señorita (a landsmann, I murmured ecstatically) if you will only sing MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose' first, then you can follow it up with . . .

But I eavesdropped no longer. Fearing another treatise on that Bach fugue, I unceremoniously wormed my way out of the stage entrance. Out came the little señorita after a few brief moments, a tender smile on her red lips, and all the beauty of the early Spring twilight mirrored in her eyes. As I followed her up the narrow street, I realized that happiness may be ephemeral, just as Novarro said. But, while it lasts . . . God, what a heavenly glow!

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20x4.50-20	2.35	.85	30x3 1/2	2.35	.75
20x4.50-21	2.40	.85	31x4	2.95	.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	.85	32x4	2.95	.85
29x4.75-20	2.50	.85	33x4	3.25	.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.06	34x4	3.25	.85
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.06	32x4 1/2	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15			
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15			
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15			
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25			
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25			
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35			

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Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous Slimcream treatment, which reduced my bust 4 1/2 inches and weight 28 lbs. in 28 days! I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my Slimcream treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, \$1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. FREE! Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 Beauty Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer--SEND TODAY!

Daisy Stebbing, Dept. S-7, Forest Hills, New York.

YOU, TOO, CAN Be Beautiful

"LIFT" YOUR OWN FACE! Why wear Wrinkles, Crow's feet, Double Chin, Sag or Sallow Skin? Free booklet "FACE LIFTING AT HOME" describes sensational treatment and teaches you how to restore youth to your face and neck WITHOUT massage, packs, plasters, straps, peeling or retirement. Five minutes daily, privacy your own home. Write, **EUNICE SKELLY (Dept. A.)** Park Central, 55th & 7th Ave., New York City.

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Unabridged, privately printed and unusually illustrated volumes. Descriptive ILLUSTRATED catalogue in sealed envelope. Send stamp. State age and occupation. Address: **THE GARGOYLE PRESS (Dept. C. M.)**, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Final Thing

WE WISH they would hurry up and get television finished, for as soon as radio listeners can see as well as hear, they will lose all their interest in air programs. Then these millions, who now are entertained at home, will turn off their dials and go to the movies and once more thrill to real entertainment. We know that television will kill the radio because we took a few friends who are habitual broadcast absorbers, to see a program being put on the air. We saw the actors read from their manuscripts, saw the "effects" man open and close a false door, and saw the man read his piece about the great curative powers of the physic that paid for it all. When next we saw our friends, we learned that *now* they never listen to that particular program any more, because the glamor of the scene previously imagined is now dispelled. The fact is we are only entertained when we can "imagine" part of the show.

When sound came to pictures the audiences decreased. There are some great minds who think sound pictures can never enthrall the public as silent movies did.

These prophets of doom are just not awake to what is going on, for there are some of the smartest people in the world at work on this angle, and they have solved it too.

We will tell you how they have brought back YOUR imagination into the movie show. An excellent example is "It Happened One Night," the picture Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable made for Columbia. We heard a theatre manager exclaim delightedly that he had not heard such a happy audience in his theatre for a long time, as on the night when this picture was shown.

The reason why it entertained thoroughly was because it demanded that the audience use *imagination*. A portion of the entertainment HAD to be supplied by the minds of the listeners. So they loved it. To be more explicit, when Claudette enters the bus, and Gable is not in awe of her, he thinks she is poor, but the audience knows she is a runaway heiress. When he tells the auto camp folks that they are married, the audience knows they are not. Therefore we all enjoyed the picture because we supplied half of the story ourselves.

This particular picture demanded *more* mental operation than any we have seen for some time, so the public liked it *more*. For example, Karns spots the heiress and she doesn't know she is recognized—we do. Gable scares the wits out of Karns by referring to "The Killer," yet we know he is only a newspaper man. Gable goes singing down the road to his love, and we know her father has already taken her home. Claudette thinks Gable applied for the reward and we know he did not.

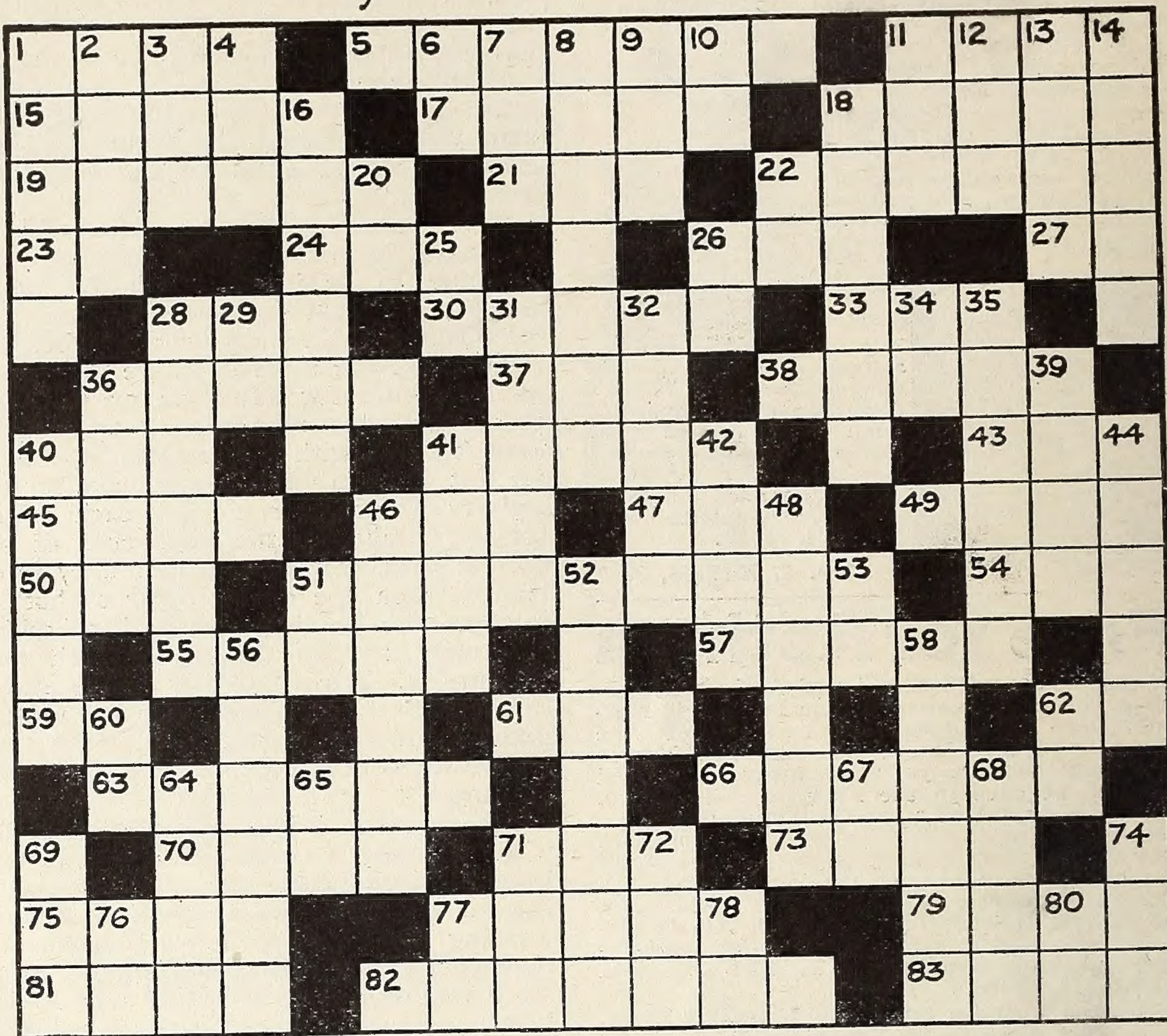
Compare this ingenious plot with one of the plays that left us rather cold—"Nana"—in spite of the charm of Anna Sten. "Nana" was supposed to be a demi-mondaine, and she was. Mr. Bennett appeared as a theatre man, and he was. Phillips Holmes was supposed to fall in love with her and he did just that. Nana gave way to Atwill, and that was what the picture showed us. Result—an unsuccessful dramatic effort.

But creative minds can intrigue our interest in spite of sound or any other mechanical device, and they have found the way. Congratulations to Robert Riskin who made the adaptation of "It Happened One Night."

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

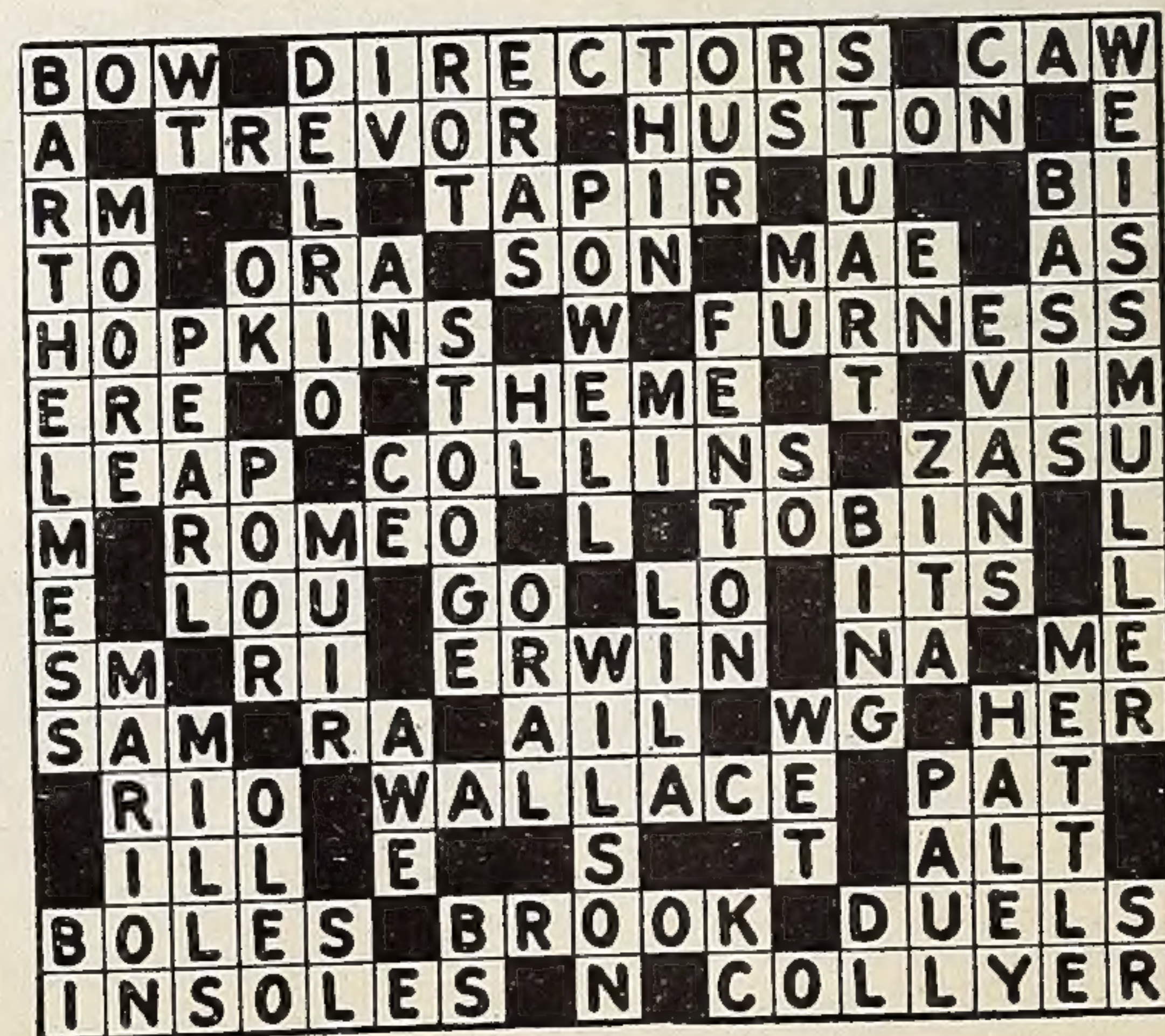
- 1 The star of "Nana"
- 5 The prizefighter in "King for a Night"
- 11 The peppy dance hall girl in "The Bowery"
- 15 He played with Lillian Gish in "His Double Life"
- 17 "Joe Palooka"
- 18 An instrument for removing the core from fruit
- 19 A well known stage actor
- 21 A male sheep
- 22 One of the "Havana Widows"
- 23 His latest picture is "Olsen's Night Out"
- 24 Large
- 26 A popular composer
- 27 A southern state (abbr.)
- 28 Possessive pronoun
- 30 Irene Dunne's husband in "This Man Is Mine"
- 33 An exclamation of applause
- 36 A lovely Warner player
- 37 A South American serpent
- 38 The ill-fated sister ship of the Macon
- 40 A mineral spring
- 41 He was the Baron in "I Am Suzanne"
- 43 The upper part of an apron
- 45 Sally in "Search for Beauty"
- 46 It is (poet.)
- 47 A fluid used for writing
- 49 Competent
- 50 Lyric poem
- 51 The lovely English actress in "I Was a Spy"
- 54 Established (abbr.)
- 55 He is usually the villain
- 57 A recent bride
- 59 The Texaco Fire Chief
- 61 Of whom Eddie Cantor is so very proud
- 62 Exist
- 63 The master of ceremonies in "Wonder Bar"
- 66 Trixie in "Joe Palooka"
- 70 He is now working in "We're Not Dressing"
- 71 Raw metal
- 73 She was last seen in "Let's Fall in Love"
- 75 A newcomer with Victor Jory in "I Believe in You"
- 77 Ridicules
- 79 A sacred image
- 81 Hollywood's overlord
- 82 He made a comeback in "Aggie Appleby"
- 83 A West Indian plant used for soup

DOWN

- 1 He is Ginger Rogers' favorite boy friend
- 2 The author of "Design for Living"
- 3 A woman devoted to a religious life
- 4 Her real name is Harriet Lake
- 6 A pronoun
- 7 Stray
- 8 She has just signed a contract with Metro
- 9 He is one of the heroes of western films
- 10 Printer's measure
- 11 An American poet
- 12 A sea eagle
- 13 Communists
- 14 Now hard at work at Universal
- 16 Her next picture will be "I Give My Love"
- 18 James Cagney treats her rough in "Lady Killer"

- 20 Islands in Indian Ocean (abbr.)
- 22 He appeared in "All of Me" (initials)
- 25 The opera star who plays in films (initials)
- 26 Into
- 28 With whom Lee Tracy spends most of his time
- 29 A gorgeous blonde (initials)
- 31 To humble
- 32 The song writer in "Sitting Pretty"
- 34 A suffix
- 35 The most gracious butler in films
- 36 An animal without feet
- 39 He is playing in "Madame Spy"
- 40 Last seen in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
- 41 To endure
- 42 Clip off at once
- 44 She is a gangster's moll in "Jimmy, the Gent"
- 46 One of Hollywood's great directors
- 48 Sue in "Cross Country Cruise"
- 51 A title of address prefixed to a man's name (abbr.)
- 52 The star of "A Man of Two Worlds"
- 53 The former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)
- 56 His latest picture is "The House of Rothschild"
- 58 Le Maire in "Moulin Rouge"
- 60 Mrs. Merian C. Cooper (initials)
- 62 A degree (abbr.)
- 64 Comply with orders
- 65 Stannum (abbr.)
- 67 Each (abbr.)
- 68 She was Hilda in "Son of Kong"
- 69 An expression of disgust
- 71 Over (poet.)
- 72 Before
- 74 She was once the wife of John Gilbert
- 76 Parent
- 77 She is returning to the screen (initials)
- 78 The partner of Oliver Hardy (initials)
- 80 Either

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





WHAT A *truly*
Amazing **DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE does MAKE..**

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

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HEALTHY NERVES, TOO,

MR. HOCKEY PLAYER__"



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of New York, says:

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

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"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."




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ing by making Camels your smoke.

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Never tire your Taste*